

The American Girl

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

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NOVEMBER, 1921

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Paul Thompson

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- Girl Scout Bronze Cuff Links given for 3 subscriptions
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- Girl Scout Bugle given for 12 subscriptions

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ONE of the things that has made us unusually happy this Thanksgiving season is the promptness with which many localities have sent in their returns from Girl Scout Thrift Week. The very first Council to send in its allotted quota of \$306.00 was Norwalk, Conn. Below is given a list of the troops who have contributed up to the time of the magazine going to press:

Troop No. 1, Wheeling, W. Va.	\$35.00
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HOW CAN GIRL SCOUTS HELP?

On Armistice Day, November 11th, there will open at Washington a great historical Conference of the chief nations of the world, called together by President Harding to consider the limitation of armaments and the problems relating to it. On the same day will be buried, in the National Cemetery at Arlington, the Unknown American Soldier brought back from France to be thus honored as typifying all the service and sacrifice made by our people during the Great War so that justice and right shall prevail in the world.

Great armaments mean heavy expense on all citizens—taxes; and ultimately armaments lead to war. We would like to do away with the taxes and the menace. How can Girl Scouts help? Chiefly by learning and understanding about the conference and its problems, by thinking about them and by praying Almighty God, each one of us in our own way, to give the great statesmen gathered there vision to see the things that will lead to peace and friendship among the nations, strength to stand up and battle for those things and honor to work for justice for all.

All Captains or Leaders who had the pleasure of meeting Miss Agnes Maynard when she was in America will be glad to read the letter given below.

The editor has kindly given me permission to thank through this paper all my Scout friends who have so generously given me a Corona

typewriter, a thing I have long coveted.

It is difficult to express what I feel as I had already received so much in return for what I was able to do for you. I believe you were told I had given my services but my visit to America, the best holiday I have ever had in my life, was given to me. At the same time, I had the opportunity of receiving the greatest gift of all: real friends, in all parts of the country. I am coming back to see you again, when I hope to thank those of you personally, whom I have not time to write, for even with a Corona it takes a *little* time to write a letter.

AGNES MAYNARD.

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(Bronze)

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A COLLEGE GIRL

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrated By Marjorie Flack

ELEANOR GRAY walked slowly into the reading-room and sat down at the long table covered with blue-prints. She sat down and took up a book filled with "sample copies," but she did not turn the leaves. She looked about the room, at the long green tables, covered with daily papers, at the divans around the walls, at the great fireplace, and the scattered groups of girls. As she looked her eyes filled with tears, and unconsciously she lifted her hand and wiped them away.

A pretty little freshman, who never looked anywhere but in Eleanor Gray's direction when that handsome and prominent junior was visible, stared harder than ever, and whispered to her room-mate, "Miss Gray's crying!"

"Nonsense!" said the room-mate, adding abstractedly, "but the line A B is equal to the line C D, and therefore—therefore—why, what if she is? I suppose she can cry if she likes?"

"Yes," said the freshman, meekly, "of course. But she must feel pretty bad to cry here in the reading-room. And I never thought that Eleanor Gray cried, anyhow. I wish I could—I wish I knew her better—"

"You are absurd," said the room-mate, "and you know it. Anybody would think you never looked at anyone but Eleanor Gray. I don't believe she's crying, either. What should she have to cry for? She's too conceited to cry—"

But the look in the freshman's eyes stopped her. "She is conceited," returned the freshman, coldly. "She is the most brilliant girl in her class, and everyone knows it. She has a right to look proud if she likes, and if she looks bored most of the time, which is what makes the girls angry, it is because she can't help it; if we were more interesting she wouldn't look so bored!"

The room-mate dropped her book in her lap, and stared for a moment in silence. Then, as the gong struck the hour, she shook out her skirts and picked up her books. "I should advise you, my dear," she said, sweetly, "not to show so much disgust when

Teddy Carroll tells us it's the greatest delight of her life to buy violets for Lena St. John—you're getting there fast! But you have my sympathy—for I doubt if you could interest Her Majesty, you know!

But it was true, Eleanor Gray was crying, and no one could be more surprised at the fact than she. Through a mist of tears she looked at the familiar faces in the blue-print book—the Faculty, curiously labelled: "Miss Brown, with shawl;" "Miss Williams, on steps;" the students, in every conceivable position and combination: "J. Reading, smile;" "Lucia Cole, banjo;" Cora Willis, Lou Hartes, and J. Peterson, in hammock;" "the president, with cat;" "the president, without cat." She had laughed at them all—now she was going to leave them. She had never bought blue-prints; she had no memorabilia. Now she would like some, but it was too late. If

she had money to pay her bills, she was fortunate, Eleanor thought bitterly.

Someone was practising on the big organ in the chapel overhead. The queer, wheezing piston on the reading-room wall heaved up and down to the Bach fugue that repeated its doleful minors again and again. It was warm, warm with the delicious drowsy heat of the young spring term—the beautiful spring term with the long lazy evenings on the back campus, under the stars, in the hundred hammocks. And this would be her last spring term!

Somehow it was harder to go than she could have dreamed, last year. To go out in good order as a senior, with four years behind her, to get once more the admiration and pride in her that her class always felt when she had distinguished herself, and then to leave the whole thing finished, completed, and start out



"Oh, don't go away," entreated Miss Gray.

prepared for the larger life—that would not be so hard. All would feel alike, then. But to go as a junior, with all the things undone that she had meant to do, to leave to another editor the college paper that she had meant to manage so well, to lose the senior dramatics she had planned to enjoy so much—oh, it was hard! And all for the lack of a few pitiful hundred dollars!

She got up abruptly and left the room. As she passed through the hall, not looking at the large crowded bulletin-boards that lined the wall, someone called her name. "Excuse me, Miss Gray, but there's a note on the board for you!"

Eleanor looked up in some surprise at Clara Williston, a rich unimportant girl whom she hardly knew. "Thank you," she said, with a cool nod, "I'll get it."

She opened the half-sheet of newspaper and glanced at it, only half reading it, her eyes were so blurred with tears:

"Dear Nell: Of course you remember our dance is tomorrow night. I've got you as good an order as I possibly could, and may I have the second extra? As ever, Kate."

How she had laughed at the dances and said they bored her, once! But they seemed the very essence of pleasure and music and light, now.

She walked home and changed her serge skirt and shirt-waist for a pretty light gown. She put on her rings, all of them, and went to supper. Although off the campus, the house where she lived was a popular one.

Never had she talked so brilliantly. Story after story, she told the twenty girls at the table, till the room rang with laughter. She scowled and coughed and mimicked the dark professor, she simpered and smiled and affected the graces of the light one. More than one of her flashes of wit, her delicious paradoxes, her apt comparisons, went the rounds of the class-room for weeks afterward.

When she left the table they crowded around her and followed her to the gate, wrapping her in that delicious atmosphere of admiring interest and affectionate appreciation that only a crowd of college girls can give their idol of the hour.

"Where are you going, Miss Gray? Have you got to go? Won't you come down and have an ice with us?"

Eleanor smiled; the excitement of the supper-table flushed her cheeks. "Thank you, but I have an engagement with Miss Leeds," she said.

"Oh, how interesting it must be to know the Faculty!" gushed the sophomore with the pretty clothes. "But

then, I suppose they're glad enough in your case! I should be so scared, I wouldn't dare to speak to them!"

Eleanor smiled. "You silly things," she said, "They're very like other people—sometimes they're more so!" And she left them laughing at the gate.

She could not study, and even the elastic engagement with Miss Leeds seemed impossible to her. She strolled through the gate and went slowly to the back campus. Already it was covered with light dresses, and the soft tinkle of mandolins came from among the trees. Some of the glee club girls were singing the "Little Alabama Coon," and near the observatory a few energetic seniors were trying to organize a universal "Sing."

Eleanor felt a sudden longing to be with them all, to be close to her classmates, and at the same time she dreaded having to talk to them. She slipped behind the trees to a vacant hammock, and sat slowly swinging to and fro. All about her floated fragments of conversation, and she tried idly to guess the speakers from their voices:

"So I said that I'd have him up for the Prom, but it seems that Kitty had asked him already—horrid, wasn't it? I hate to ask a man—"

"I'd just read eight pages of Freytag, and I was as cross as a bear. I said, 'I'm not prepared,' and I don't care what he thought—"

"Mary looked perfectly stunning! She carries herself so well, too. But I don't see how she does so much. She says she never gets to bed till eleven—"

"Oh, as for Katharine, she's too far gone for any use; she can't speak of anybody but Eleanor Gray. And I don't believe that Miss Gray knows who she is, do you?"

"Well, goodnight. I must simply do a little philosophy, or I shall be expelled. Think how embarrassing that would be?"

"Goodnight!" and a girl in pale-blue dimity, that rustled crisply as she walked, left the departing philosopher and strolled over to Eleanor's hammock stopping when she saw its occupant.

"Oh, don't go away," entreated Miss Gray. "Please come back. I was just going. Is this your hammock?" Then she saw that the girl was Clara Williston.

"I'll come," said Miss Williston, "only on condition that you don't go. Otherwise I go immediately." She waited a moment, and then sat beside Eleanor. "I hope I shan't bore you to death?" she said.

Eleanor did not answer, but pulled her skirt aside as Miss Williston sat

down. It occurred to her that very probably Clara Williston would spend more money for her commencement gown than she would need to finish her senior year!

"I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your story in the Monthly," said Miss Williston. "I don't see how you can think of such queer exciting things. Really, I got quite worked up over it! I hope, now you're editor, you won't stop writing."

Eleanor never quite knew why it was that she didn't make some conventional reply, and then go. She barely knew Miss Williston, and she was a girl who said very little of her own affairs to anyone, even the people she knew best. But to her own surprise, she looked over the campus and said easily: "I'm afraid I shall do very little writing, editorial or otherwise. I shall probably not be here next year."

"Not be here! Why, Miss Gray, what do you mean? Surely you're not going to lose the senior year. Truly it's the very best of all. And you."

Eleanor smiled, "I fear you overestimate my importance," she said. "I have always pitied the poor alumnae, who had practically carried the college with them when they were here, and who are really forgotten by the next class but one. One doesn't count for much unless one's on deck all the time! And I don't doubt that the senior year is very pleasant, Miss Williston. But—"

"But, Miss Gray, it's dreadful! Why the class—do they know it?"

"No," said Eleanor. "I haven't told anybody yet. I'm sure that I don't know why I should tell you. Don't think of it. I'm here now, at all events. So you like the senior year the best? Kate Dickinson always said—"

"I don't care what she said," said Miss Williston, with a decision that annoyed the junior. "I want to talk about you. Now, don't look haughty, Miss Gray, please. I simply must. You mustn't think me rude, will you. Because I don't mean to. But—is it money?"

"Yes," said Eleanor. "it's money." And then, with a bitter little laugh, she folded her hands on her lap and looked at Miss Williston. "I suppose you can't understand how five hundred dollars can be an impossibility, can you?" she asked.

"But, Miss Gray, you could earn it. You could write, you know—"

"Not at all," said Eleanor shortly.

"In the first place, I'm not ready to

Continued on Page 30.



The Camp at Gravel Point

By Clara Ingram Judson

Illustrated by Joseph Franke

READ THIS FIRST

Martha Harding, a senior at Grant High, is one of the most popular girls at school. But popularity is not always fun, as Martha had found to her sorrow. Freshmen, such as Polly Lewis, can make even the happiest girl miserable with silly notes, candy and adoration.

The members of the Senior Honor Society, the R. D. girls, Martha, Margy, Nan, Peggy and Leslie Garrison, are introduced to a new girl, Jacqueline Palmer, by the dean, Miss Darrow. Jack learns of Polly's infatuation for Martha and volunteers to help cure her by having her join the Girl Scouts.

The other girls have never heard of Scouting so she takes them to visit a troop meeting. They form a troop, themselves, soon afterwards, with two patrols; the Crocus, made up of the senior and junior girls—and the Oak, the sophomore and freshmen girls.

Martha's uncle allows the girls to camp on his grounds and they have a beautiful time, especially when they discover that there is a wonderful place to swim. The very first day, Martha has an opportunity to use her First Aid training and saves the life of a little boy who was nearly drowned. Follow the story in this issue.

CHAPTER XIX

And the next day it rained!

AFTER the excitement of the log races and the thrills of what Margy called a "real live rescue!" the girls decided that they would swim early and late and get as much time in the water as was possible to have in the five days left for camp. But when Mr. and Mrs. Welles came over to camp for the moonlight sing that same evening plans changed.

"Any of you ever seen a real Dutch windmill?" Mr. Welles happened to ask in a pause between songs.

"I have, when we were in Holland," said Jacqueline.

"I mean in this country," said Mr. Welles.

"There are none, are they?" asked Martha, who, knowing her uncle's liking for teasing was on the lookout for a joke on herself.

"To be sure, there are plenty," said Mr. Welles, "and this is no joke. There is a very good one in fair state of preservation about four or five miles northeast of here. Wish I had a machine that would hold you all and we'd run over and see it tomorrow."

"How far did you say it was?" asked Miss Shaw.

"Something like four or five miles," replied Mr. Welles, "a cut through the woods makes it not more than four I fancy."

"Then couldn't we walk there?" asked Peggy. "You know, Miss Shaw, we were to take one long hike, if possible."

"That's just what I was thinking," said Miss Shaw. "It would be jolly fun to hike four miles, have our lunch and hike back again, wouldn't it, girls?"

"And get some pictures of a truly windmill in addition," added Nan, "wouldn't that be a help to my collection?"

"Of course you can do it," said Mrs. Welles, "we should have known you'd want to take a hike. And if you go through the woods, you'll find some more painter's brush. It's always a bit later in the marsh woods there and I know you couldn't get enough specimens yesterday for all your books."

"Then let's plan to go about ten," said Miss Shaw. "Reach there by noon at the latest even if we stop enroute. Luncheon, pictures and the journey home ought to bring us here by four."

"But, Miss Shaw," exclaimed Margy, "our swimming! I love a

windmill, but my own little log—I hear it cawling me!" and Margy rolled her eyes in mock tragedy that made the girls double up with laughter.

"You shall have your little log," laughed Miss Shaw, "I fancy a swim at four, after a long tramp, would be just about the very nicest thing any person could offer me."

"Then if we're going to pack lunch and get off early in the morning," suggested Miss Gilbert, "we oughtn't sing much longer now."

"No, Lieutenant," agreed Margy, "yours truly will hit the hay shortly—if that is the proper military term for what you want us to do?"

So after a final singing of the ever popular "K-Katy" and "Good Night, Ladies," the moonlight sing broke up and camp settled down to sleep.

Next morning was clear and beautiful. The few stray white clouds looked promising a bit of occasional shade and preparations for the hike were set under way.

Each girl was given two meat sandwiches, two salad sandwiches and two sweet sandwiches.

"Those are for building, for minerals and for energy, respectively" said Polly, who was studying dietetics and didn't mind airing her knowledge to any who would listen. "And then you each get a bar of chocolate—that's good muscle food when you walk and an orange cut in quarters. You can suck those if you get thirsty before an accredited well is reached."

"Heavens! How much you do know!" exclaimed Margy, in mock admiration.

"Well," said Phil, cruelly, "she tells *all* she knows so you can al-

ways be sure there is no reserve supply."

"Is that so," retorted Polly, "well, just for that, I'll add that we can each take some raisins because they contain concentrated nourishment. Now see, I knew that, too."

"Yes," laughed Phil, "but to continue—?"

"Well—er," stammered Polly, "I guess that is about all we studied this morning."

"Never you mind, Polly," comforted Martha, "you know a lot more than most of us do, so don't worry. Who's to pack the lunches?"

"Each girl has to do her own," announced Polly. "We have the stuff out here on the table ready for you. There's paraffin paper and napkins there, and here are the three sorts of sandwiches all in piles ready for packing. Don't take more than two of each—that's plenty when the sandwiches are so big and we counted noses and made just enough."

"I wish the girls would come and get their stuff," said Phil, "so we could clear up before flies discover the eats."

"Betty," suggested Polly, "get your bugle and sound the call for mess, there's a dear! That'll bring 'em."

And it certainly did—in short order.

Promptly at ten the scouts, with lunches, cameras or botany cases loaded on their shoulders formed in line and started the hike. Out into the road, east to the village, north across a meadow to a pretty woods and, with a short rest at the end of the second mile, on to the old Dutch settlement.

Sure enough, there was a windmill! A quaint, squatty mill, gray with age and paintlessness, turning gently to and fro in the summer breeze. Nan took a half dozen pictures and was just about to hunt some deep shade for refilling her camera when out from the house, itself quaint and weatherbeaten, there stepped a small girl, almost hidden in a Dutch bonnet.

Down the walk toward the mill she went and from a sweep, took a bucket which she filled with water before returning to the house.

"Girls!" exclaimed Martha, breathlessly, "did you see?"

"Are they real or are we dreaming?" demanded Peggy.

"They're real!" replied Phil, as a gentle, "clump clump, clump" told the girls that the little lady they looked at wore wooden shoes!

"Will somebody please tell me

that I'm within twenty-five miles of Chicago?" demanded Peggy.

"Yes, dearie, you are that," said Margy, "also somebody will add the old, old phrase, 'will wonders never cease?'"

"Wait till I get her picture!" exclaimed Nan, frantically turned at the film she had just inserted.

"I'll give her some chocolate," volunteered Margy, generously, "and give you time." She stepped up to the little lady, so hidden by the big bonnet that her face was not visible.

"Won't you take a piece of candy, my dear?" asked Margy, kindly.

The bonnet slipped back and a sunny face and a pair of honest eyes looked up at Margy most gratefully—and Nan got her picture.

Miss Shaw went up to the house

for water, according to Mr. Welles' arrangement by 'phone, and the girls made temporary camp in the woods across the road.

Never did sandwiches taste so good and shade seem so grateful, for though the walk of four miles was a mere nothing for the girls in training for it, these girls had not walked that far off city streets—maybe never before in their lives.

After lunch the little Dutch girl's mother invited the girls to come and see the house—the big old-fashioned fireplace, which she still used every day, the curious wooden cradle with a hood of wooden slab-like pieces fitted together into a solid top designed to keep out a draft and the great brass kettles that took time and energy each day to keep ir shining



A quaint, squatty mill, gray with age—turning gently to and fro in the breeze.

condition. Also the row of shoes, best shoes, which the family boasted.

The girls would have stayed all day, looking and admiring these unexpected treasures but a glance through the window made Miss Shaw realize that the sunshine of the morning was gone and that if they wanted to get home before a June rainstorm, they would have to hurry.

"Lucky I took my pictures first thing," said Nan, thankfully, as, bidding their kind hostess goodbye, they struck out on the road for home.

"You're right," agreed Peggy, "also, it's lucky our lunch is eaten for something tells me we're going to get wet."

"Double quick time across the meadow!" ordered Miss Shaw, and that order was followed in a minute by another, "Break ranks and run for shelter!" as the big rain drops began to patter down.

Laughing and breathless they reached the shelter of the woods, out of sight of the old Dutch house and half a mile along the journey toward camp.

There they stood under heavy foliage, for a few minutes while the rain poured down in torrents. Soon it came through the trees, driving branches aside and soaking the scouts to the skin.

"Girls!" exclaimed Miss Shaw, "no use standing here and getting chilled. We're wet anyway; let's walk on home and keep warm by exercise. Water won't hurt us if we are warm."

"Who's afraid of water?" asked Margy.

And the scouts answered back, "not a Scout!"

Forming in single file the girls started back toward camp, singing and talking as they marched.

By the time the village, a mile from home was reached, everyone was warm, steaming warm and gay as could be. Singing while marching is great sport—who cares for mud, even if it is on shoes and skirts, if she's having a good time?

"I know we do look charming," laughed Martha, as she spied a face in a window and saw the woman who looked at them call to others who came also to see the passing sight. "Town side show! Nan, it's a pity you can't take a picture of us."

"Don't say picture to me!" retorted Nan. "I've got my camera in a rubber case, lucky dog that I am to have had it along, but if that camera feels like I do, it's swimming around inside the case. Were you ever so wet?"

"Never!" said Polly, peacefully. "Water before me, water behind me,

water, water everywhere—isn't there some poetry like that?"

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Jack, "let's make up a song about us and sing it as we walk through Main Street. While we're shocking 'em, let's do a good job!"

"Seems to me you are," laughed Miss Gilbert.

"How do you make up poetry?" asked Betty.

"Start singing some tune we all know," suggested Peggy, "and then make up words as we go along."

"Try 'John Brown's Body,'" said Martha, "now everybody sing Tum-tum—till we get some words."

"We are sixteen drowned Scouts at march

Don't ever ask us how we got to be this way!

With a water spout out here and a brooklet there

And a gulf and a sea in air."

"How does that come out, girls?"

"Fine and dandy!" exclaimed Margy, "it almost fits the tune! Now let's do it again and then you make a chorus, Martie, when we come to it."

So the verse was sung in unison and what it lacked in meter it gained in enthusiasm so nobody missed anything serious. When the chorus was reached Martha sang:

"Cheers oh cheer, girls, for the water!

Cheer, cheer, oh, cheer, girls, for the water,

Cheer, oh cheer, girls, for the water,

We'll never get home dry!"

"That last sentiment is a safe bet," said Margy heartily as an extra gust of rain splashed on her hat and streamed off down her shoes.

"Here's Main Street. Now everybody sing," shouted Peggy. And if ever a funny sight was seen in that village, it was when eighteen dripping feminine figures marched singing through the streets of the town dripping, soaked and—happy!

CHAPTER XX

An Unexpected Tea Party

IF the last mile between the village and the camp seemed a little tiresome and heavy no one said a word about it. But it could be noticed that when the marching girls came in sight of camp, home seemed to look good to every dripping girl.

"What's the matter with camp?" shouted Phil from her place near the front of the line.

"It's all right—if it's dry!" responded Nan.

"Imagine anything on earth being dry, to-day!" exclaimed Margy, scornfully. "Why I wouldn't feel natural dry. I've returned to my

native state—weren't we all fishes or something—once?"

"Don't mix biology and camping, sweetheart," warned Peggy.

A call from Mh. Welles' house, which the girls were now passing, turned the attention of all in that direction.

"Come in this way," called Mr. Welles, from a safe and dry post on the porch.

"Oh, you haven't an idea how wet we are!" exclaimed Miss Shaw. "You won't want us even on your walks."

"Much you know about it!" laughed Mrs. Welles hospitably, "when I've been standing here an hour watching for you. Those poor girls will catch their death of cold—"

"Oh, it's warm rain," said Miss Shaw, comfortably.

"And we're going in swimming in a minute to take off the dust," said Martha.

"You're going to do no such thing," replied Mrs. Welles, firmly. "You're coming right in to my house and get dry!"

"But, Aunt Nell," cried Martha, "see how we look! We'd ruin your rugs and floors and anyway, the last thing mother made me promise was that we were not to bother you a bit."

"Who said you were bothering?" demanded Mrs. Welles. "You let me manage this. All go around to the west side of the house and go into the basement entrance. Martha you know where that old shower we used to use is? Well, strip off those wet clothes, everyone of you and take a shower. Some of you can go over to camp and get dry things while others start at the showering. Then leave the wet things hanging there to dry and come up the inside stairs and visit me. Now hurry!"

That program sounded so good to the wet, tired trampers that Miss Shaw and Martha hadn't the heart to object. So the party dripped around to the basement entrance and went inside. There, on the cement floor, wet clothes could be left without damage.

Marty, Jack, Polly and Betty, went over to the tents to get dry clothes for the crowd and Martha took charge of the showers because she knew the "lay of the land" in the basement.

Inside of an hour all eighteen campers were showered, dried, dressed and more or less primped up as to hair and general tidiness. So they went upstairs to the big living room, not forgetting to hang up all the wet clothes on long lines stretched in the drying room of the big basement.

"Oh, but this does look jolly!" cried Nan, as she spied the blazing fire and the comfortable chairs. "A rainy day is fun out of doors, but for real sport, give me a fire and an easy chair."

"Yes, grandma," mimicked Margy. "It certainly must be acceptable to your enfeebled condition. For my part, I'd rather dance."

"Listen to the child," groaned Peggy, "can't you let us sit down a minute?"

"Yes, she can and she's going to," announced Mrs. Welles, "you may dance later, up on the third floor, if you like. But now you're all going to have tea with me." And she swung open the French doors of the dining room and pulled in a loaded tea cart.

There was tea for everyone and sandwiches and cakes and cookies and nuts and candies.

"I just don't see why you are so good to us!" exclaimed Polly rapturously. "I love our camp cooking, but oh, dear! Did you ever taste anything as good as this junk?"

"Never!" agreed Peggy, "and don't worry, Polly, none of us will ever tell your mother that you called Mrs. Welles' lovely tea things junk—will we, girls?"

"I'm crazy about your jam," said Phyllis, who seemed to have a feeling that a change of subject might not be a bad idea, "I never ate such lovely jam—isn't it raspberry?"

"Wild raspberry," corrected Mrs. Welles. "I think the flavor is a little different from the cultivated berry though I may just imagine it. The woods around here are full of berries. I noticed yesterday that they're about ready for picking—the season seems a bit early this year."

"You mean berries for making this marvelous jam grow wild here, so near Chicago?" asked Jacqueline, in surprise.

"Surely," laughed Mrs. Welles, "we're not so civilized as you seem to think!"

"Oh, wouldn't you love to get lost in the woods and have nothing to eat and find berries and all," sighed Polly.

"Well, for my part," admitted Peggy, "I could stand being lost all right, but I'd rather find a lovely lady who offered me jam sandwiches and tea than all your old berries I would!"

"Girls!" exclaimed Martha, suddenly, "why don't we make some jam tomorrow? That is," she added thoughtfully, "if there are enough berries for us to have some too."

"That's a brilliant idea," said Mrs. Welles, "there are plenty of berries and jam would be delicious for your meals."

"But we ought to buy them from you—they're from your land," said Phyllis.

"Fiddlesticks!" laughed Mrs. Welles.

"I'll tell you what we might do," suggested Jack. "We could pick on shares. Mrs. Welles wants some for jam, so we could do the picking and get some berries for pay."

"Such a head for business," said Mr. Welles who had come in a short time before. "If I don't watch out you'll be getting my place, on shares or something."

"Why bother to get it when we already have it," laughed Peggy. "Seems to me we have everything we want out here, why pay taxes?"

"Another good business head," said Mr. Welles. "You ought to go into the jam business to work off energy."

"Oh, girls," exclaimed Phil, "let's!"

"Let's what?" asked Margy, who hadn't been listening very carefully. "Never do what Phil says till you're sure what it is—that's my motto."

"Then you needn't, Miss 'Fraidy," retorted Phil, "but the rest of us will—we're going into the jam business, girls," she announced to the whole room full of girls.

"Who makes the jam?" asked Nan.

"Who sells it?" asked Polly.

"Who buys it—that's what I want to know?" asked Martha.

"We make the jam," said Phil, who, once she got an idea, could always work out a plan in record time, "we sell the jam and who ever is lucky buys it. You know we wanted money to start some hospital work in the home for crippled children this fall," she added seriously. "Well, here's our chance. We can buy sugar and glasses and pick berries in the woods and then when we go home we can have a jam sale and make some money."

"Over by the traction line," volunteered Mrs. Welles. "there are a lot of wild strawberries, too. They make a marvelous jam."

"Other good ideas, come right along," said Phil, as she waved her hand.

"I really think that is an idea," said Miss Shaw, thoughtfully.

"Now Miss Shaw," laughed Margy, "you never came in on such a freight train before."

"Not a freight train now," replied Miss Shaw, nothing daunted, "merely the observation platform of your

own express. I had to see all sides of the question before I was sure. I believe we can do it."

"Then, let's appoint committees," suggested Martha. "Some will have to go to the village for glasses and sugar. Some will have to study up how to make jam—won't you tell us how you did yours, Aunt Nell? And some will have to have charge of the picking—though we'll all want to help with that jolly job."

"My part is easily done," said Mrs. Welles, "I can tell you now. Wash and measure the berries. Take equal parts of berries and sugar. Toss berries in sugar till mixed, set over a slow fire till juice draws, then boil briskly for exactly eight minutes and pour into glasses. Of course, you have to cook small amount of berries, not more than three cupsful at a time to get fine results. See how easy it is?"

"Sounds awfully easy," agreed Phyllis "and we ought to be able to do it on our camp stove."

"I'm sure you can," said Mrs. Welles, "and you city girls who haven't done canning such as most farm girls your age have done, ought to have experience just like this. I'll hang around when you do the first let and you can ask questions if you like."

"Oh, will you?" said Phil, happily, "then I know we can do it."

"I'll go to the village tomorrow," volunteered Nan, "because I know I'm going to run out of films and stamps anyway, who'll go along?"

"Better make it about four girls," advised Miss Shaw, "for glasses and sugar weigh something and you will want company to share the load."

Mrs. Welles handed out pencil and paper and committees were made and a list of supplies written down.

"Sugar—hadn't we better start with ten pounds or maybe fifteen?" asked Phil.

"Let's make it fifteen," said Peggy, ambitiously.

"And glasses," continued Martha. "that's all we need, isn't it?"

"Paraffin to melt over the jam, you know," Phil reminded her. "Of course, seeing it's for selling, we'd better get tin covers, but even so, a thin coating of paraffin would be worth while, wouldn't it, Mrs. Welles?" she asked.

"By all means, yes," Mrs. Welles assured her, "and that will be all you need. Now, girls, this is all very interesting but you know I didn't ask you here for a business meeting. This is a tea party. Mr. Welles has started the Vic upstairs and if you want to dance—"

"Me for dancing!" exclaimed Mar-

gy, "have the first with me, Mart? Come on, girls!"

And with a rush, the living room was deserted, business forgotten for the moment and the girls dashed up the broad stairway for more fun.

CHAPTER XXI

The Jam Business

THE next morning there was a busy stir and bustle in camp as the girls got at the business of the day. Nan very early marshalled her group off to the village in the hope that they would be back in plenty of time for the fun of picking berries with the crowd. Phil, in conference with the head gardener, was making a new top to the stove that would better take care of such particular business as the making of jam for sale. Morning chores were done in double quick time and before anybody had dared to hope for such luck, everything was ready and the start to the woods was made. Buckets, small boxes and botany cases were to hold the berries and every girl had been warned about needless crushing of the tender fruit which would waste the precious juices.

"A short march won't hurt us," suggested Miss Shaw, as they started west, "let's tramp along the traction line and see if the strawberries are worth picking. Mr. Welles wasn't sure."

For a time, not a single wild strawberry was seen then quite suddenly, the girls came upon a big patch, the scarlet berries hiding modestly under the broad leaves nearly concealed them entirely.

"Oh, the darling!" exclaimed Phil, rapturously, "let's eat some!"

"If you eat a berry," said Martha, sternly, "you'll get sent back to camp and put in the guard house."

"Aw, Martie, you couldn't be so cruel hearted," teased Jack, "when you know you're just dying to taste one yourself."

"Well," laughed Martha, "that's the first time anybody ever took me so seriously! What I really meant was, if you eat *many* berries."

"Your apology is accepted, Miss Harding," said Jack, as she ate two of the best berries in sight. "Now, girls, *don't* over-eat—I beg of you!"

"How can we with you around to eat first?" asked Margy.

"Have a heart for the trade, girls," suggested Nan, "and pick a *few* while you feast."

"Our bark is worse than our bite," said Phil, hastily, "see I have some in my box, berries I mean," she added hurriedly, as she saw Margy about to interrupt, "not barks."

COMING IN DECEMBER!

*Every girl loves a romance
—Kittie James wanted her
sister to marry and was de-
termined to help her out—
so she planned to—but, you
Must read*

Kittie's Sister Josephine

By Elizabeth Jordan

"How you relieve my mind," sighed Margy, "I was so worried!"

"I have a large size picture of you worried about anything, Marg, she thinks I don't worry enough."

"Somebody shut that child up and make her work," ordered Peggy. "I can't stand the company. Let's some of us go on to the woods, so not to get in each other's way as we pick."

That seemed a fine idea, so the party divided, some staying to pick the wild strawberries and others going on into the woods for raspberries.

The strawberry patch was very soon cleaned out and when it was the girls took their berries back to camp, only a short walk; emptied them on platters and covered them with netting to keep the flies off. Then they joined the raspberry pickers further along in the woods.

By ten o'clock every box and case was full and all the visible berries were picked. The girls were just talking of going back to begin cooking, when some children from the village, armed with buckets, came into the woods.

"Got all the berries?" asked the boy; "I was 'fraid we'd be too late."

"Sorry," said Martha, "but we picked all we could find."

"Where you been?" asked the boy, "save us hunting if we know."

"Oh," said Martha, "we been here and here and there," pointed to the various clumps where the girls had picked the fruit.

"You haven't picked there, have you?" exclaimed the biggest girl, as she pointed with dismay to the biggest clump of bushes Martha had included in her gesture.

"Surely!" replied Martha, "why not?"

"'Cause it's full of chiggers," retorted the girl briefly, "and every

one of you'll get 'em—bet you got 'em now!" she added in dire prophecy.

"Oh, girls!" cried Peggy, in dismay, "do you suppose we have?"

"Mother just said she knew we would get something!" exclaimed Nan.

"And Bob said Chiggers were the worst ever," added Jack, dolefully, "he knows because he's had 'em."

"Well, what do we care about a few chiggers?" questioned Betty.

"Wait till morning and you'll find out whether you care?" prophesied Nan.

"Oh, wait," exclaimed Martha, suddenly, "I've read something—"

"So have I," retorted Margy, "many times, but it never takes."

"But I've read what to do for chiggers," insisted Martha, "and I know what it is! You take a bath in tar soap and change your clothes."

"Press the button for my maid, Peggy," said Margy, languidly, "and tell her to draw my bath."

"Wouldn't the lake do as well," suggested Jack, wickedly, "it's nearer."

"Let's dash home," said Martha, who had been thinking hard about her idea "and rig up some scheme for taking tar soap showers. We ought to be smart enough to think up a scheme."

"Yes, we ought to be," agreed Phil, "but are we?"

"I have tar soap in the First Aid kit, if that is any comfort," said Miss Gilbert.

"Now, then, if we had a rubber hose—" mused Martha. "Girls! I have an idea! We'll get a hose from the gardener and we'll use our tent flaps for curtains. Then we'll take turns holding the hose and holding the curtains and taking the showers. Not a person in this camp's going to have chigger bites—you'll see."

Her enthusiasm was contagious and the girls ran home at top speed eager to try the jolly plan.

In fifteen minutes Martha, with the help of Nan and Peggy had rigged up a shower back of the tent flaps connecting the hose with their own water supply. Each girl was given a piece of soap and ordered to soap herself thoroughly. Then in turn they stood under the cold shower and washed and scrubbed.

"That ought to do something," said Phil as she got back into clean clothes—no girl was allowed to put a single garment she had worn into the berry patch. "Now for making jam."

(Continued on page 24)

LOVEY'S BURGLAR

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated By Thelma Gooch

A N excited discussion of the latest sensation at Natick College was occupying the bunch gathered in Lovey's room just before the evening meal. "I'm glad it wasn't here," gasped Flo. "Think of waking up in the middle of the night and hearing some one throw stones at your window!"

"But they don't know that it wasn't some girl coming back late from a dance and trying to wake up one of the others to let her in." Gladys Hammon tried to find some explanation for the excitement.

"Yes, they do. They know none of the girls were out last night. And anyway, I went over there this afternoon and right under the window are marks of big feet in the mud. It was a burglar."

"Then he didn't know anything about college girls," laughed Margaret, the other one of the Hammon twins. "If he expected to get money he came to the wrong place. Most of us girls just now are broke. Why, I know that if a burglar came knocking at my window for money, I'd welcome him in and help him hunt for it. Then, perhaps, if he found any, he'd divvy it up with me."

"Maybe he was going to steal her and hold her for ransom." Flo's thoughts sometimes tended toward the romantic.

Margaret hooted. "Or maybe he was the fairy prince trying to awaken the sleeping beauty. No, sir; I'll bet it was all a scheme of advertising to put Stone House on the map, or else—" She checked herself and a twinkle appeared in her eyes.

"Or else what, Twinnie?" Lovey inquired.

"Oh, nothing, I was just thinking of something."

"What?" chorused the "bunch."

"Oh, why—Well, you know how actresses do to get notoriety. It may have been that kind of a burglar."

"That isn't what you were going to say," Flo told her pointedly.

Before she could reply, Glen Brigden looked up from the morning paper that she had been reading. "Say, it was a real burglar. Listen: Burglars entered the home of Prof. Runyon on Dean Street last evening and

made away with \$31 in cash and a quantity of silverware. The police believe it was part of the same gang that entered the house of Dr. Hunt the night before."

Flo shivered. "That settles it. I'm going to ask Miss Hemingway to see that the doors of Pomeroy Cottage are closed as soon as it gets dark, and I'm not going to sleep on the roof again no matter how hot it gets."

*Did you ever wake up in
in the night and hear a
scream? If so, you'll be able
to sympathize with the girls
in this story.*

"I'd like to see the burglar that could drive me into my room," was Lovey's challenge. "I've got a gun, and if they bother me I'll use it." She reached over and from her study table drawer took out a tiny revolver.

At the concerted shriek from the rest of the girls, she only laughed. "Don't worry, it isn't loaded. I've never shot it in my life, but the burglar would not know that. It would scare him. And I'm going to sleep on the roof every night that it's hot."

Some time in its history Pomeroy Cottage had been a two-story building with a flat roof, but as Natick College in its expansion had demanded more dormitory space, an open square of rooms had been added to the top of it. A court in the middle, open to the sky, gave light to the inside rooms. The roof of the addition was flat and a trapdoor at the end of the hall led onto it. It had not taken the girls long to discover what a splendid place it was for shaking rugs and drying hair and taking sunbaths. But using it after dark, since the only guard was a narrow ledge around the outside, was distinctly frowned upon by the authorities. During the hot nights of spring, however, it had become a favorite sleeping place where the girls took out mattresses and blankets in search

of any breeze that might be blowing.

"Yes, indeed," Lovey repeated, "I'm going to sleep up there and woe to the burglar that bothers me."

Margaret Hammon shook her head warningly. "Be careful how you take chances, Miss Rachel Dare-devil Loveland. Bad burglars just feed on tender freshmen." Then she dodged quickly to escape the magazine that was hurled at her.

"If your aim with a revolver that isn't loaded is no better than that, I see where the class will have to draw up a set of resolutions after your encounter with your burglar. Resolved: That, since Miss Rachel Loveland, whose untimely taking off"—No, demise is a better word, if I can find out how to spell it—"whose demise we mourn"—"

The rest of the girls leaped upon her before she could finish. Two of them were holding her arms and the others were looking for some thing with which to gag her and tie her to the chair when the dinner gong rang to save her. Margaret was left behind as the others raced down the three flights of stairs to the dining-room.

It was almost five minutes later when she came in and took her place at the table. "I'm sorry I was delayed," she told Miss Hemingway, the head of the house, "but a tribe of barbarians was trying to massacre me just as the gong sounded." And the head of the house being wise in the ways of the girls under her care, laughed and went on talking of the approaching college dramatic production.

All idea of sleeping on the roof was apparently forgotten until bedtime. Then several white-robed figures staggering under their load of bed clothes, climbed up to the trapdoor to find it fastened by a huge padlock.

"They're just being mean," Lovey exclaimed. "If Miss Hemingway or the other teachers think they can keep us off the roof and make us sleep in hot, stuffy rooms, they're fooled, that's all. I'm going to get a hammer and break that lock if I can't get out any other way."

In her search for utensils she went first to the room of the Hammon

twins. But when she told them what she proposed doing they were shocked. Margaret gave her a lecture on the crime of damaging college property, and Gladys followed it up with another on the duties of an American citizen to obey laws.

"Well, give me some keys, then," Lovey temporized as soon as they gave her a chance to say anything. "Haven't you some big keys? When you first came, didn't you have a box with a big padlock on it?"

Margaret fumbled in her bureau drawer and handed her a key-ring. "What kind of a lock is it? Perhaps one of these will fit."

When they tried them, they soon discovered that none of the keys would unlock the trapdoor.

Then Margaret had another idea. Throwing open the door that led to the court she pointed to the open space. "Why not sleep there? If it rains, for the joy of picking up blankets and running for shelter seems the only sport of sleeping on the roof, you'll get just as wet here as on the roof." She squinted at the cloudless star-studded sky. "Yes, I wouldn't be surprised if something happened before morning."

Helen Jordan, another of the freshair seekers, grunted, "Hump, if you think it will rain before morning with a sky like that, you don't know weather. I'm going down to ask Miss Hemingway for the key."

There was instant objection. "Don't you do it," Lovey cried. "You know we're not supposed to sleep out there. She'd never give it to you. If we pretend not to notice it she'll forget all about it."

"She isn't here, anyway," Glen told them. "She and Miss Burr went out right after dinner." Miss Burr was the other faculty member living at Pomeroy Cottage with them.

"Then I guess we'll have to sleep in the court, anyway, and we'll hope we can get onto the roof tomorrow. I'll talk tomorrow to the girl that cleans the halls," Lovey promised.

So matters were settled, and after mattresses were arranged, and the girls had rolled into their blankets, quiet settled down over Pomeroy Cottage.

But it was not to endure for long. Less than an hour later a wild shriek startled into wakefulness almost every girl in the building. None knew who had screamed though all had the uneasy feeling of being aroused by something unexplained. Heads appeared at doors all along the corridor. Many of the freshmen, remembering the burglar scare in the other college dormitory, thought of the girls sleeping in the

court and ran up to see if they were all right. There they found five blinking girls sitting on their mattresses.

"What happened?" every newcomer demanded.

Helen Jordan had screamed. She told them that she had been awakened by something soft that hit her face. Then she had been sure that she heard footsteps on the roof and almost immediately afterward a pebble or something hard had struck her. It was then that she had cried out.

"Some of those thieves! Flo was sure."

Though they all listened intently, they heard no sound from the roof above their heads. Once several of them thought they detected a stealthy footstep, but it was not repeated. Lovey, drawing her tiny revolver from beneath her pillow stood wait-

ing. One of the girls had a flashlight which she kept turning here and there, though it disclosed no burglar's head peering down at them.

Helen Jordan, however, was a girl of action. "There's somebody up there, and I'm going to see who it is."

An outburst of protests greeted her words. For a few moments, they discussed the matter, whispering lest the hypothetical burglar should hear their plans. They could think of nothing better to do.

"Help me," Helen Jordan commanded. "I can reach the coping from the window sill, if somebody will boost me."

She climbed on the ledge of Lovey's window and reached toward the roof. Then she gave a little spring, and with the help of Becky Adams, her room-mate, pulled herself slowly up and crawled over the edge, onto the flat roof.

(Continued on page 32)



The girl, with the electric torch, flashing it about found the revolver—



SCRIBES' CORNER—HOME SCOUT NEWS—

ESSEX, MASS.

We, the Scouts of the Clover Leaf Troop of Essex, Mass., have made what we think is a very clever discovery regarding the Scout Laws.

At each one of our meetings we take one of the ten Scout laws, discuss it fully, and, if possible, each Scout relates briefly some little incident wherein the law we are discussing has helped someone or made the world a bit pleasanter to live in.

At our last meeting we discussed the eighth law which is, "A Girl Scout is Cheerful." We first had a general talk on how the law fitted into our daily lives and just what it meant. Then each Scout related her little story about the law and when our captain's turn came she didn't as usual tell us a little story, but instead she showed us a curious diagram which is printed below and showed us how in the letters of the word "Cheerful" all the other laws are represented. We altered the laws just a bit to make them fit. Thrifty is changed to economical and courteous to respectful, but otherwise you will find the laws all there.

Here is the interesting diagram:

No. of laws	Laws
10	C—lean in thought, word and deed
1	H—onorable
7	E—ver obedient
9	E—conomical
5	R—espectful
4	F—riend to all
6	riend to animals
3	U—seful
2	L—oyal

E. C.

PATCHOGUE, N. Y.

We would like to tell you about our Scout troop. There are nineteen of us, between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. Our troop flower is the sunflower.

We are working on the Bird and Flower badges. It is great sport. Some are also building bird houses for the contest. Several passed an examination on First Aid last week.

We are great for athletics, especially basketball. We have two teams, the Reds and the Greens. Our mascot is a little black kitten, whose name is "Sunny." We named him after our troop flower.

Our greatest pleasure is when two or three Scouts pass their Tenderfoot tests and we can initiate them.

If anyone would like to correspond with us we would like to hear from them. You may address the letter to our captain, Miss Demarre, whose address is East Patchogue, N. Y.

S. S.

DENVER, COLO.

Denver is to have a new musical institute this coming season, under the very able direction of Lillian Bell Gray. Miss Gray will have the Girl Scout Band under her direction, which will consist of 40 pieces. Miss Gray will be assisted by Adolph Le Bourgeois. Mr. Le Bourgeois is a new comer to Denver, coming from the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, of which he was a member for 15 years; he will have charge of the brass. The band is now being organized and will start rehearsals soon. It is being sponsored by Mrs. Burkart who is well known in music circles of Denver, and with her sponsoring the organization's success is already assured.

ATASCADERO, CAL.

Our Troop of 12 Scouts was organized on December 28th, 1920. We live in a little community of thirty-five families, called the Garden Farms, which is a part of the Atascadero Estates. Soon after school closed we gave a Penny Social to raise money to buy our suits. The admission was a penny and we sold cake, sherbert, candy and lemonade, had a stunt tent, a fortune teller and a photography studio. It was very successful as we cleared \$33.

We have been on two hikes into the beautiful hilly country around us. The first was for outdoor cooking and fire-building and the second for tracking practice.

But for real enjoyment nothing compared with our short camping trip this summer. After hiking about four miles out into the hills we came to our camp site—a hill at the bottom of which was a rocky little creek. Here we pitched our tent (which was used only to store our supplies in as we all slept out on the ground with willow branches and dry grass for mattresses. In the evenings we popped corn and told stories and jokes around the fire before going to bed out under the stars. Such stars! It seemed as if there was scarcely a moment when one was not shooting across the sky.

The second day was spent on a

hike of about five miles to an abandoned chrome mine on the mountainside. We examined the massive machinery, explored the roofless bunk houses, narrow tunnels, and little ore cars with their long cables stretching across the canyon. Most of us older ones hiked on to the top of the mountain, where, had it not been so foggy, we could have seen the next valley, city and the Pacific Ocean. Returning, we joined the others and ate our lunch by a little spring in a grove of cedars and soon after returned to camp. Now we are anxiously looking forward to next summer when we can take a longer trip, perhaps to one of the beaches.

We are all working on the Second Class test and hope to pass it, by Christmas. We are also planning to enter the contest against the Philadelphia Scouts.

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

Saturday evening, September 24th, the Girl Scouts of Troop 1 of the Congregational Church, Willimantic, Conn., had their first supper of the season in the Church House. A committee of five girls had charge of the affair, and about thirty Girl Scouts and seven guests were present. A delicious, three-course supper was served at small tables. The room and tables were tastefully decorated with wild asters, black-eyed susans and ferns. It was in the nature of a farewell supper for Miss Ruth Chappell who has been our much-loved Captain for three years. Miss Betty Case presented her with a traveling set, a gift from the Scouts. A happy evening ended with Scout songs and cheers.

C. C., Secretary.

GERSEY CITY N. J.

At this time of the year you will probably notice on the trees, fences, houses and various other places, little white cocoons, which mark the crop of worms for next Spring. By removing these cocoons we help greatly the growth of our trees and the beauty of the city. These cocoons are quite easily removed with a stick or broom. This is a civic act of incalculable value.

Commissioner A. Harry Moore, Director of Department of Parks and Public Property of Jersey City, N. J., has offered a silver napkin ring for the Troop having the largest amount to their credit.

—AND SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



The following letter has been received from Miss Priscilla Ordway, Captain of Troop 3, Newton, Mass. THE AMERICAN GIRL is sure that all scouts will be interested to read it.

My dear Scouts:

Some of you, especially officers who have been to our dear Officers Training Camp in Plymouth, will be interested to hear about an officers' training camp in Palestine for Girl Guides.

The camp was in Ramallah a little town about twelve miles out of Jerusalem, and was placed in a lovely garden, with trees around the tents and an open place for drilling in front. This is the first year of the camp, for Guiding only began in Palestine with the British occupation, but already they have about twenty young officers training at the camp.

The camp was in charge of Mrs. Jenson-Potts, their Commandant, who was sent out from English headquarters to help Girl Guides all over the Empire. She had just come from starting troops in the Malay States. Imagine that! I don't even know where the Malay States are, do you?

I wish you could have seen the girls themselves. They wore dainty uniforms of very light gray, and on their heads the pretty native head-dress of gray silk scarf, bound by blue and silver bands. They certainly looked cool and comfortable, and since it was all washable, it was practical, too.

I had come to their camp just about a half hour before their public exhibition but even at that busy moment they showed fine scout spirit of friendliness and showed me the whole camp and even served us with tea and sandwiches.

A Girl Guide Training School in Palestine ready for their first public exhibition of signalling and marching.



The tents were all very attractive, each one with its name and emblem over its door. I remember "the weather cock," so named because its four occupants represented four nationalities coming together from the four directions: French, Syrian, Jew and English. The tents all looked very homelike as the girls are encouraged to make them attractive, rather than military, and they are inspected for neatness but not uniformity. In this dry land where they know it will not rain, pigs are allowed in the canvas, so most of the tents were gay with pictures.

How do you suppose they show their kindness to animals? By having the daintiest of little deer for their mascot. When I said I thought it would be very easy to love such an adorable little creature, one of the girls said it would be easier if the little creature did not have such an appetite for sponge bags!

When I went out into the cook tent I found they have one difficulty that we would find very strange. The

Jewish girls cannot eat any food that has been prepared by a Christian, so the entire cooking equipment is double, two storage plants and two stoves and the food is kept apart from the time that it arrives to the time that it is eaten.

Their woodcraft is quite different from ours, too. As you know, our fireplaces, hunters, trappers, Indian, etc., are all built of logs for log fires, but here there are no logs at all. The people in the country burn charcoal, or else a low brush, like our Juniper trees. So the woodcraft that the girls were learning was to make a brazier, about ten inches high, of mud and straw, baked until it was like brick. I saw a splendid one that had been made that morning.

You can imagine how much I wanted to stay and see their opening exercises, their signalling and marching, but it was impossible, so I left, hoping that all visitors at Girl Scout camps will always have as cordial a welcome and as friendly greeting as I had from these Palestine Girl Guides.

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Girl Scouts of this city are offered a course in child nursing, the successful completion of which will earn them the Child Nurse Merit Badge. The Scouts who take this course are required to go to the Union for Home Work and there care for children under 2 years old an equivalent of two hours for four weeks. They have to perform under supervision all the necessary daily duties connected with the care of children such as feeding, bathing, dressing, preparing for bed, arranging bed and windows, amusing and

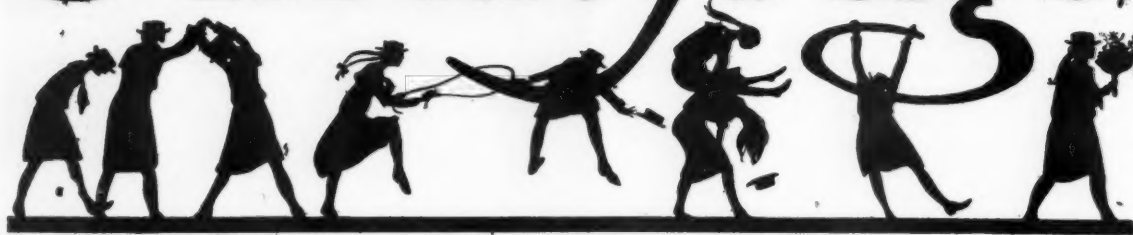
giving air and exercise. In this way they get practical experience with instruction. The Scouts also are taught to treat simple ailments and to give First Aid when a child is coming down with a disease. At the completion of their training the young nurses take an examination including questions like the following: What are important things to remember in lifting and handling a child? At what age may a child be given solid food in safety?

Any Girl Scout wishing to enroll for this work should send word to the Scout office immediately.

We have the names of eleven girls from Los Angeles, Calif., who are anxious to correspond with Scouts from other states. Send in your names today and write to them.

Lieutenants, or Brown Owls, who wish to correspond with English girls of eighteen, nineteen or twenty years of age are requested to send their names to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our Party Page



A SQUARE PARTY

The "Square Party" was held on Monday evening, Jan. 31, 1921, in the girls club-rooms, of the Lenox Hill Settlement House, by a Manhattan Girl Scout Troop, No. 138.

The object was to have everything square that could be possibly made so. A program was made out and followed, and I will now endeavor to describe in detail the party.

Before the arrival of the troops, the entertainment committee, which consisted of four girls, was kept pretty busy, as there were quite a few things needed from the stores and sandwiches to be made and cut in squares. There were many other things to be done which, though trifling, occupy time. Among them there were a hundred or more squares to be cut from paper and hid under every carpet and cushion, in every corner, nook and cranny, as the party was to open with a square hunt. A prize was to be awarded to the Scout finding the greatest number in a limited length of time. The committee entered into the spirit of the party with such enthusiasm that in a short time everything was ready.

At 7:15 the girls began to arrive and by 7:30 the entire troop was present. Before starting on the "Square Hunt" the troop was informed by the Mistress of Ceremonies that there was one rule to be strictly kept during the evening and that was—No girl was permitted to cross from one side of the room to the opposite side, but was obliged to walk in a square until she reached her destination. It was also made clear that the most frequent transgressor would be subject to a penalty—of which I will tell upon reaching that stage of the party.

The "Square Hunt" over, the victor received her prize—five or six blue blotters (square, of course) tied together with blue ribbon and

the top one adorned with a miniature calendar, very simple yet very pretty and quite appropriate.

The awarding of the prize was followed by three or four dances, after which a game similar to pinning the tail on the donkey, was played. A large square of white paper was pinned on the wall in the center of which was a blue square, to pin a number in the middle of this square was no small task. The girls were blindfolded in turn and started off to display the faculties of their direction bumps. No girl exactly hit the mark so the girl coming nearest received the second set of blotters.

Divide the groups into pairs, sending one from each pair to one side of the room one to the other. Number the players in the lines, beginning to count from the same end for both lines. Pass out envelopes containing names of familiar tunes to the even numbers in one

line and to the odd numbers in the other line. Those not holding envelopes are supplied with pencils and paper. At a signal, each player holding an envelope opens it, learns the name of his tune, then runs across and tries to whistle it to his partner. As soon as the partner recognizes the tune he writes it on his card, runs and places the card in the hands of his group captain, then goes back to his old place in the line. The side whose captain first holds the complete list of songs, wins.

The refreshments which were then served, consisted of tea, orange marmalade and quince jelly sandwiches, followed by layer cake, fudge and hard candy, all of which were square.

While every one present was enjoying themselves, one of the committee was keeping a wary eye out for "Square Doggers."

The refreshments were followed by a cleverly acted charade, the word being "Chatham Square." And then to the sorrow of all came 9 o'clock or the closing of the party. The girls gathered together and patiently waited for the sentence to be passed upon the culprit. Her name was called. She advanced to the center of the room. She was handed a slip of paper upon which was written a song to the air of "Smiles," but the words very efficiently changed to squares. To sing this was her penalty. Perhaps it sounds easy, but I assure you, she did not find it so.

I must not neglect to say that the success of this party was due to a great extent to the troop captain, who made many suggestions, put a finishing touch to most of the plans and did most to keep the troop interested in it.

ANNA KILCULLEN,
Troop 138, Manhattan.

All girls like to give parties and certainly Girl Scouts are no exception. This is proved by the number of requests we receive at Headquarters for entertainment material. We have therefore decided to give every month in *The American Girl* a number of party suggestions. If there is any particular kind of party you wish help with, write to us. On the other hand if you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.

SCOUT COMMUNITY SERVICE

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Troop 3 sent money to the Fresh Air and Convalescent Home to keep a child there for three weeks longer than it would have otherwise been possible for him to stay.

The Montclair Branch of the Needlework Guild of America makes the garments used by the charitable institutions of the town and this year the scouts are to make simple garments to hand in to the Guild. Troop 2 of Glen Ridge sewed for the Glen Ridge Branch of the Guild all last year, making petticoats, baby caps and kimonas.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The fall of each year brings to Pittsburgh the Allegheny County Teachers' Institute, a gathering of more than two thousand teachers from the small town and rural schools in this great industrial section. Such a gathering means an infinite amount of clerical work, ushering, of questions to be answered, of errands to be run—and ever since the beginning of Girl Scout history in this county the Girl Scouts have taken upon themselves the duties of general utility people at the Institute. They establish an Information table and are on call all day during the five days of sessions for any sort of service.

RICHMOND, VA.

One of the troops reported concerning visiting one of the Day Nurseries, where they played with the children during the afternoons, and were of great assistance to those in charge.

We have a Crippled Children's Hospital here which is visited very frequently by Scouts. Sometimes they play with the children, sometimes they take them magazines; sometimes flowers; and very often donations are sent by one of the troops.

There is a close co-operation between the Girl Scouts and the Associated Charities here and girls who are cared for by the Associated Charities are made known to the Girl Scouts who take them on picnics, or do anything of that sort of value to the needy girl.

Another type of Community work that was unusual was the help of some girls who kept a Health Record. The School Nurse where they attended school had occasion to

examine all the children of another school, and those Scouts who had their Health Badge were asked to assist in the examination, which should be an inspiration to all Scouts working on their Health Record.

One troop of Girl Scouts has done a great deal of work at the Home for Incurables in this City, and this type of work is indeed very commendable, as it is difficult for even grown people to help there on account of the apparent misery connected with this type of institution, but the Troop in question has never shown any hesitancy at all when called upon to do anything they can to help.

Recently at a Community Fair, one Scout troop decorated all the booths. This troop is in the country, and to do any community work means walking miles to and from their homes.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Clean-up Campaign. The scouts, as troops, reported on yards, alleys and neighborhoods that needed attention. Through the office of the Betterment Council the Scouts competed in a poster contest for "Clean-up."

Red Cross Nursing Campaign. The scouts distributed posters all over the city to boost the recruiting.

Community Chest Campaign. For a week the scouts demonstrated all phases of their work in the Wurlitzer Piano Company window during the noon hour and after school. The window was arranged to represent a camp "Standing Room Only" even, was ruled out around the window.

*During Cleveland's 125th Anniversary—*A pageant was given with the scouts taking part.

Girls' Camp. The Girl Scouts raised the greatest amount of money to buy a campsite of 105 acres for all girls' clubs of Cleveland.

AUSTIN, TEX.

As soon as we were organized we began to look for a plan to fill our treasury; we made \$20.30 on a rummage sale and \$22.25 by selling cream at a band concert.

We camped at Sand Springs on the Colorado River from August 22d to August 28th and on August 25th we had a party for which parents of scouts donated cake, cream, salad and sandwiches at camp.

We had a successful candy sale for which rings and pins will be purchased.

We are now making picture books for the Children's Home.

ALBANY, N. Y.

During the three and a half years the Girl Scout organization has been in existence in Albany, the girls now numbering 400, have given over 6,000 hours of service to their city. This takes no record of the many poor families helped, the parties and entertainments for the less fortunate, and the many Good Turns to the Churches when the scouts cooked and served suppers, delivered Christmas baskets, and helped raise money for improvements.

The opportunities for service have been many! Stringing of tags for Tag Days, with one particularly fine record of over 28,000 in one week; ushers during a three-day exhibit of the Arts and Crafts of the Homelands, at County Fairs, etc., and last winter entire charge of the ushering of a series of fourteen Junior Movies given on Saturday mornings for the children of Albany. Their attitude of courtesy and efficiency at these meetings was so greatly appreciated that the management gave one morning over for a Benefit for the Girl Scouts which received the enthusiastic support of the city. During a shortage of nurses at the hospital, as well as during the influenza epidemic the scouts were on duty arranging trays, washing dishes and rolling bandages.

Two examples of particular interest of the exceptional work of individual scouts deserve special mention. One was the garden of a 16-year-old girl. Over 2,000 square feet of land managed entirely by her, products sold and money invested in Liberty Bonds, with the record of one of the finest gardens in the county! The other the Playground work of a 15-year-old scout. After a month of volunteer work as a helper, she was made Supervisor, and had entire charge of the Playground visited by children comparable to New York's Eastsiders. This was so successful that she was asked to return the following summer and was given the responsibility of the organization of a new playground in a different section of the city, where she not only made it so attractive that it was one of the most largely attended in the city, but raised money for numerous improvements and organized a Mother's Club which has since become the basis for a Community Center in that district.

J. P. •



Girl Scouts
visiting a
Troop
Grandmother
in
Springfield,
Mass.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

When the Woman's Community Council first began to have "three-cent milk" served to the school children, the scouts of Bluebell Troop were given a steady job in their own school. Every day, in the morning recess, the children of Sumner School were lined up, and served with milk by a squad of four scouts. For over six months, in the late fall, winter, and early spring of 1920-21, this work (including the washing-up afterwards) was carried on by the troop with the utmost efficiency.

The libraries, so much used by scouts, have known how to make them useful, too. In the summer of 1920, right through the hottest days, scouts took charge of the Wild Flower Exhibit, gaining useful scout knowledge as well as helping, at the Central Library building.

The troop at the George Bancroft School has been depended upon for two years to take care of the babies belonging to the Mother's Club. This club meets every month in the school building just after school hours, and while the mothers talk over the problems of the school-age children, the scouts take the smaller children into

another room, and amuse them while their mothers are busy.

The latest "job" is the destruction of the tussock moth. Girls from various troops were asked to help in the protection of their neighborhood parks, and are still collecting and destroying these mineral webs that threaten the lives of the scouts' friends, the trees.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Many of the Troops have found some form of service which extends throughout the year. Many Troops have adopted Troop Grandmothers. These old ladies are not objects of charity but are really made honorary members of the troop many of them live alone or in families where there are no young people, and all of them would be lonely without the weekly visits of the scouts with their little surprises on birthdays and holidays, their merry songs and accounts of the Troop's

Community

doings. One Troop, composed entirely of Jewish girls, adopted several Troop Grandmothers, nearly enough to go around. They have "adopted" the Hebrew Old Ladies' Home. This means that not only are the Grandmothers visited and cheered up but the girls report to the matron at regular times for such duties as bed making, bathing the bed-ridden ones, and assisting with the meals.

ENDICOTT, N. Y.

The Girl Scouts of Endicott, N. Y., have proven their real worth to the community during the summer months.



The Girl Scouts in Endicott, N. Y., love to help in the Day Nursery.

Three scouts, previously scheduled, assisted each morning during July and August at the Play School conducted in the foreign section of Endicott, under the direction of Hillside Center Library. They not only assisted by helping to get the handwork ready for the children, but many mornings conducted the smaller children in games.

The number of very small children attending grew proportionately with the attendance of the older boys and girls. Instead of Play School being for children from five to fifteen as announced, they appeared before they were able to walk, for Big Mary could not come without Baby Mike. As one mother wrote to the "library teacher," "If Mary comes with Rosie, let her in; if she don't have Rosie, put her out."

Other scouts, as a part of their community program, took charge of the babies and small tots, while their mothers attended the Mothers' meetings, held twice a month at this Center.



These children won't be hungry when the scouts from Minneapolis get through with them.

ny Service

MONTPELIER, IND.

At the beginning of our summer vacation, the scouts agreed to keep the city squares cleaned of rubbish and papers. So we adopted as our slogan "Help to Beautify Montpelier." The merchants co-operated with us to a great extent, and were very well pleased with our work. We had flower beds made in two of the squares, and the merchants have flowers in most of the others. We got up as soon as it was light on Wednesday morning of each week, brought rakes and brooms and would actually sweep along the edge next to the sidewalk and the walks around



Montpelier, Ind., can boast of spotless town since the Girl Scouts began to clean the parks.

the squares. Many mornings after our work was done we would go to a grove close by and cook our breakfast, in that way combining pleasure with work.

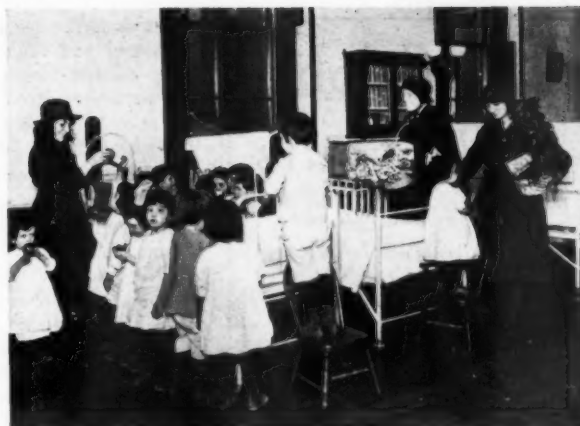
TACOMA, WASH.

A ball was held in Tacoma recently for the benefit of the Girl Scouts at which \$500 was raised. Out of this a campsite was paid for—the Girl Scout film purchased and all the bills were settled.

HARRISBURG, PA.

The Girl Scouts co-operated with the Forestry Department in regard to hunting and destroying moths which were ruining the vegetation. This is a most valuable service to the city.

Children in the hospital watch eagerly for the Manhattan, N. Y., Scouts.



WASHINGTON, D. C.

Girl Scouts of Washington help the Park Department, agreeing to keep certain sections clean, during the summer months.

The Public Health Department gave the Girl Scouts physical examinations before and after camp so as to determine of what benefit it was to them.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The "G. S." insignia will stand for the "spirit of helpfulness" in the minds of many people who attended the San Diego County Farm Bureau Fair held at Balboa Park, San Diego, September 21 to 24. The Girl Scouts of San Diego county had their headquarters in a khaki tent between the playgrounds of the P. T. A. and the rest-room of the Escondido Chamber of Commerce. Placards posted about the grounds invited tired mothers to leave their babies in

care of the P. T. A. and the scouts. The "good turn daily" slogan worked overtime those four days, as the girls were kept busy almost constantly, under the directors' supervision, watching, wheeling and feeding babies with numerous calls for messenger service, and a heavy amount of "information bureau" duty on the side. But the work brought its compensation in the interest which this practical demonstration of the aims of Scouting seemed to arouse in the movement.

BOSTON, MASS.

During No-Accident Week the girl scouts put on a program which ended the week's demonstrations. The "stunts" were performed on the Common, following the noon ceremony, when the death clock ticked twice, making a total of six fatal accidents for the week, up to that time.

On the Common had been placed an automobile, apparently wrecked, and a number of persons were lying around in attitudes of seeming lifelessness. Under the leadership of R. A. Bass, Boston field captain, the Girl Scouts attended the "dead and wounded," and made short work of a fire in the car which sent forth clouds of smoke.



It is hard work to put out a fire in an automobile. Watch these girls from Boston, Mass.

Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
FRANCES CLARK
Director

PHILADELPHIA GIRL SCOUTS

To the Tune of Mis-sis-si-p-p-i

Phil-adel-ph-i-a-a

That is a town looks good to me
It's all right I'll say—
Some people call it quiet
But to me it seems O. K.
Phil-adel-ph-i-a-a.

Girl Scouts spells Girls of P-a-a.
We'd like very much to serve you—
Call on us night or day—
Some folks would think it working
But to use it's just like play.
Girl Scouts of Philadelphia.

SCOUT OPERETTA!

We are going to give a real live Scout operetta!

It came about in this way. A gentleman who turned out to be the assistant director of music in public schools called at headquarters and told us about an operetta he had witnessed in Boston last summer, and how much he had been attracted by it and that it had immediately struck him how nice it would be if the Girl Scouts in Philadelphia would give it, so he came and offered his services to instruct and rehearse them and now we are anxiously waiting to see who will be accepted for the different parts.

We feel sure it is going to be a splendid success. It is all about Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts and flowers and weeds and is dedicated to Mr. Burbank.

We will tell you more about it later for we are sure that all the other Scouts will want to give this. There is a rollicking hiking Scout song set to a stirring march tune.

HOMEcoming OF POLLYANA GIRL SCOUTS, TROOP 110

Where's my hat? Oh, my, there goes the store bell; let's hurry down into headquarters. What a big night we're going to have. Is your mother coming? Yes, indeed, and my father also, even though it's Mother's Scout Night.

Such were the remarks of the Girl Scouties as they jammed through the

annex door the evening of September 15th, and you can't blame them for being excited, for every blessed stunt was to be rendered over again that had taken place at camp, August 1st to 13th at Spring Mount, Pa.

Here's the program:

Mess Call5:45 P.M.
Assembly6:30 P.M.
Pledge to Flag.....6:45 P.M.

Ten minutes' business meeting, then and disappeared for make-ups.

Turkish dances, Spanish dance, dancing dolls, two sketches, the dressing gown, which showed the temper of an insane husband smashing his poor wife's hat and exciting the colored butler and maid, until they fell in each other's arms for sympathy; finishing up with peace scene of Home, Sweet Home: another sketch called "Newspaper Minstrels," every funny found in the papers were there. Jiggs, Maggie, Slim Jim, Dearie and George, Tom Sawyer, Min, Chester Gump, Tomboy Taylor, Katrinka with her rolling pin, and others.

The Anti-Fat and Anti-Thin appeared, after which the Touring Car arrived taking the minstrel funnies and talent on board to see Philadelphia.

When the concert ended ice cream and cake was served by Pollyannas to about 200 people.

Now the fall season is here and everyone ready to start in with real Scout pep and prove to all they meet that it's the real life for a girl to lead; so much fun, and wonderful things to learn.

Captain Margaret Schaller.

CITIZEN SCOUTS

Citizen Scouts have taken Social Service as the highest aim in Scout work and it is the new pinnacle that is to be attained by the girls.

Civics, not only theoretical, but the practice of deeds that tend to make a city better, is now being studied and lived up to by the Citizen Scouts of St. Gregory's R. C. Church.

First, then is a course in civics, for all these Scouts are near or have reached voting age. They are taught to realize that the first requisite of good citizenship is a thorough knowledge and intelligent use of the ballot.

Every effort is made to have the meetings interesting so as to hold the attention of the girls and keep up the enthusiasm that is always evident at first.

To accomplish this is a definite program or procedure has been laid,

so interposing learning and pleasure that neither will become boring. For instance, the opening business meeting ends in a party; the next is a civics lecture, then there follows special lectures or parties in the girls' club room, where they have a victrola of their own.

The practical side of Social Service is taught through the parish itself. The girls are shown how to become interested in the families around them, to help and advise them, thus it is hoped that when trouble exists and a social case is in the making, the Citizen Scouts will be first appealed to for they will know just the remedy to apply or agency to which further appeal should be made.

There are also the hikes and trips that make up a part of the interesting routine of all Scouting. Instead, however, of these walks being aimless a definite objective is visited, usually some hospital, orphan asylum, or other institutions.

It is the second year that the Citizen Scouts have existed in this city and last year the girls studied home nursing. The success of the movement is evident because this year the troop has already showed an increased enrollment of 30 per cent and more are expected at any time.

TROOP 36

Troop No. 36 has some good public-spirited members who do not forget the meaning of the Scout slogan.

All last spring these girls helped mothers in the neighborhood by taking charge of their babies for a little while each day.

This troop also gave a Health Play at the Health Centre in West Philadelphia last winter for the mothers attending the clinics. They were coached by the nurse in charge of the centre.

The girls are now starting a library which is to include reference books for Merit Badge work as well as some history and fiction.

*Watch for the Philadelphia
page coming in December—
News which will be interest-
ing to you no matter what
part of the country you live
will be here.*



Christmas Gift Suggestions

Handkerchiefs

Everyone needs handkerchiefs, and no one ever has too many. They are easy to make and not too expensive, while the only real essential thing is to use fine, soft linen. Even one nice handkerchief is a welcome gift—and think of the different kinds!

For men: Plain fine, hemstitched linen with or without an initial or monogram in the corner. Be sure to have them large enough and most men like white handkerchiefs best of all.

For Ladies: Nice plain handkerchiefs—such as described above—are always acceptable, though very often, the more elaborate ones are fun to make, and, perhaps, more attractive.

For instance, use delicate colored linen, cut about 10 inches square, hem the edges and embroider a tiny flower in the corner in contrasting shades of floss—or draw threads as if you were going to hemstitch it; about one inch from the edge—then another row about one half inch further in towards the center; instead insert a colored thread. The easiest way to do this is to tie a fine strong thread onto one of the threads you are to pull out and as one comes out the other slides in as smoothly as can be and is not apt to break. Afterwards tie the colored thread to the new one and it will come in easily. It is really quite a difficult piece of work to get the colored floss in without breaking the original and if you do break it, it is very hard on your eyes to weave it in properly. Fine cross-stitched or solid embroidery designs of flowers make a pretty finish to these adorable handkerchiefs. If you prefer, cross-stitch the edge with the same color as the drawn in threads or crochet an edge to go about it.

One new feature of this year's handkerchiefs is the use of net (footing) around it. This gathered on any handkerchief is especially dainty for use in a purse or card-case. By the

way, many people are very fond of the small handkerchiefs, say seven or eight inches square for this use.

For Scouts: Why not make khaki colored handkerchiefs and embroider the trefoil in the corner? If you'd rather—order them from National Headquarters.

For Children: Handkerchiefs, the size of ladies', with animals or birds or even children on them in fine cross-stitch are very quaint. The cross-stitch should be done over the finest grade of canvas that comes—and one strand of floss used.

Bags

Did you ever stop to think of the many kinds of bags and how useful they might be to your friends? Below are given a few that you may like to give away this year.

Party: A bag, either lined or not, made of light colored silk or white linen with colored lining—just big enough to carry a fan, powder case, button hook and extras.

Vanity: A tiny bag with just room enough for a small mirror and maybe a powder puff, made of velvet brocade lined with some delicate color. These are often made out of ribbon, drawn up with a cord.

Opera: Find out the size of the ordinary opera glass and make a tiny bag just to fit it with room for a handkerchief—besides. It's a splendid idea to make this of dark colored velvet so that it will not soil easily.

Dancing School: This bag should be made large enough to carry your slippers and one made of green felt with initials embroidered on it in red make a charming and useful present. A bag to carry books for school use can be made the same way.



Sewing Bags: There are so many ways in which to make these bags that it is hard to know how to begin. Bags of pretty colored silk crochet, lined with colored silk in which little pockets have been made to hold needles, thread, buttons, pins, hooks, eyes, snappers, wax, emery and thimble will delight any good needlewoman's soul. If you do not care to go to the expense of fitting up the bag, just make it as handy as possible and present it—it can be easily filled from the owner's work table.

Shoe: A shoe bag for the back of a closet door is a very handy thing and one made of heavy crash—with pockets bound with tape, and hung by brass rings is certainly a useful gift.

Laundry: This is perhaps the least attractive of the bags to give for a gift and yet everyone really needs one in their room. They can be made of flowered cretonne or chintz and should be fairly large. At the top should be placed heavy whale bone and it is a good plan to have a slit in the side of the bag which is bound with tape.

Aprons

Cooking: Aprons made of pretty cretonne which cover you completely are most practical. They can be ish to these adorable handkerchiefs, bound with rack rack braid and should come to the hem of the skirt. Be sure and make a pocket on the side for convenience.

Sewing: These aprons may also be made of cretonne and should have ample pockets to carry around materials. Sometimes these aprons are made so that they draw up and become a bag in which the work may be kept until you are ready to use it some other day.

Chafing Dish: Dainty dimity or cross-barred muslin is generally used for this and the apron is made small—with frilly lace around it. Colored ribbon may be used for strings.



BROWNIES

1. *Object.* The object of the Brownies is to furnish for girls too young to be Scouts, an organization equally suitable for their age. It is not desirable to have the Brownies simply younger Girl Scouts with a program which is a modification of that of the regular Girl Scout. It is for this reason that the English program, which is the result of years of experience, has been adopted as a basis. Experiments with uniforms, games, dances, songs, books, and working program will be welcomed, and any Local Council which devises a workable scheme is requested to report to National Headquarters.

2. *Program.* Until an official program is published by National Headquarters, the English Handbook, "Brownies or Bluebirds, a Handbook for Young Girl Guides," by C. Arthur Pearson, London, should be used. This may be obtained at the Girl Scout Headquarters, price twenty-five cents. The main changes required are as follows:

- a. The uniform as given in the Blue Book of Rules, V-1.
- b. The Promise:

1. To Do My Duty to God and My Country, and the Law of the Brownie Pack.
2. To Help Other People Every Day, Especially Those at Home. (Otherwise the same as on page 11 of the British Handbook.)

3. *Organization.* Brownies are organized into Packs made up of two or more Sixes. A Brownie is from six through nine years of age. The leader of each Six is called a Sixer.

4. *Officers.* The officer in charge of the Brownie Pack is known as the Brown Owl. Her qualifications and commission are the same as for those of a Captain. She may have Lieutenants and Second Lieutenants who will be known as Pack Leaders.

5. *Registration.* Brownie Packs are registered annually just as Girl Scout troops. Fees are twenty-five cents per Brownie; fifty cents per officer.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

Attention is called by the Educational Department to the correspondence course in Scouting for Girls now offered by Columbia University for captains and other workers. The course has been read in manuscript by the Educational Secretary and has her full approval. It is given by Columbia University as one of the regular Home Study or correspondence courses. The instructor is Miss Fannie Moulton McLane, also of the Department of English of the University, author of several publications of the Boy Scouts of America, and for four years captain of Troop 59, Manhattan, New York City. She is a college woman, A.B. Barnard, '07, A.M. Columbia, '08, with special training in science and in education.

Ultimately three courses will be given, covering Tenderfoot, Second Class, and First Class requirements respectively. At present the first course is now open for registration, and the second is in press.

Tuition for the course is \$18. This cost includes the syllabus of nearly 100 pages, the text-books, and correction and comment by the instructor on the student's work for the fifteen lessons of the course.

This opportunity should be welcomed by the many Girl Scout workers who cannot attend other captains' courses.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The following letter has been received from a Brooklyn captain which we think will be of interest to all captains. We will be glad to have suggestions along this line sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

"When we sing 'Smiles' from the song sheet, we stand at ease during the first part, and snap into attention at the words 'at attention,' holding this position until the last line, when we all salute at the words 'my girls, the good Girl Scouts.' Tell the captains to try this, with all their lovely girls lined up in uniform and see what a splendid effect it makes.

"'On the Trail,' words by Abbie T. Brown, music by Mabel W. Daniels, we use most effectively as a marching song. The girls love to open wide the windows and march around the gymnasium singing the song. This also needs much accent and a quick tempo. At the repetition of chorus, where all voices are in unison, we broaden the tempo a trifle. Only small copies are on sale at Headquarters, but the entire song with piano accompaniment can be ordered from Ditson & Co., 8 East 34th St., New York City.

"'Onward,' by Marion C. Mooreland, is sung by our troop at almost every public appearance. We sing it briskly and well accented tempo metronome mark quarter not—126."

Why not have these songs taught at all the camps? To me, they seem more appropriate than college songs or comic songs, and could be used most happily on hikes, too.

I. P. J.,
Troop 55

HOLLIS, N. Y.

The Red Rose Troop of Hollis was organized November, 1920, with eight girls. We now have a full troop—thirty-two girls.

The first of December we held a cake and candy sale and cleared thirty-two dollars. This money was used for filling four Christmas baskets with enough food to last for several days, which were given to four needy families in this locality. Fifteen dollars of the money was given toward the Christmas collection of a local church for the Hoover Fund.

In February the troop gave a Martha Washington tea with a patriotic entertainment, on which we made forty-six dollars. Forty-five dollars of this was given to the Hoover Fund in answer to the appeal made to Girl Scouts through headquarters. The entertainment was all carried out by the girls alone and the tea served by them.

In answer to the appeal of the A. I. C. P. for knitters, the troop knit twenty sweaters.



Is your Scout Troop planning a Thanksgiving entertainment? If you haven't already made all the arrangements why not include THE GIRL SCOUT'S THANKSGIVING, by Josephine Daskam Bacon. This dialogue was especially written for a Scout entertainment. On sale at National Headquarters, 4 cents each.

OUR BROWNIE MEET

Elizabeth, N. J.

We have 133 little registered Brownies here, and you might have seen them scampering or marching sedately to their own Troop Cover where they laid their neatly folded wraps, and, then—such racing and sliding on that Armory floor! One whistle signal brought absolute silence—not a Brownie stirred until “two whistles” sent them scurrying to cover, eagerly seeking their own little pack. Again they stood silent. Three whistles sounded, each little pack ring opened, merged into their Fairy Ring, and then gradually into the Big Fairy Ring, with the totem pole in the center.

After the opening exercises each troop took to its cover, and, sitting or standing in its fairy ring, darned their stockings, tied up neat little bundles, tied knots, signalled, played ball games.

Again, three whistles brought them to their feet, one fairy ring within another, so that they might play “Seven Jumps.” This ended in a serpent dance to the big fairy ring when taps were sung. “Right Face” executed, and all little Brownies marched solemnly by the reviewing officers, saluting earnestly, Scouts standing beyond the reviewers, passed a lolly-pop to each surprised but delighted child, and in a few minutes there wasn't a trace of a Brownie left!

The enthusiasm of these small folks, the earnestness with which they try to be real Brownies, their concentration in the effort, their sweet confidence in us, as well as their quickness to “Follow the Leader,” proves that work among the Brownies now is a rich field in which to work for the physical, mental and moral future of our girls and our citizens. Brownies' minds are adaptable and easily guided in the right channels—ask their mothers!

A. T. V.

THE BRONXVILLE BROWNIES

A band of Brownies has come to town and they draw a fairy circle every Saturday morning in the Kindergarten room at the Public School in Bronxville. When the Brownie girls reach ten years of age they may become Girl Scouts. They have such a good time, and Bronxville is going to be even a lovelier place to live in because they are here with their little deeds of kindness, and little words of love. Many years ago the Brownies were all just kind and merry little elfin men, but a girl wanted to join their band, and as Brownies are

never selfish, they opened the ring and took her in. I have heard it was something like this:

When March had come and melting snow

Made walking hard for high and low
The Brownies met with little fuss
A serious question to discuss.

Then one arose and in language clear
Before them laid the question—
Shall we receive within our band
A maiden, who 'tis thought by some
Was first intended to share our fun
But by some chance as chances go;
A mortal maid was made, and so
It seems to me 'tis our duty clear
To straighten things and bring her
here.

BROWNIES

(Tune: Reuben)

Brownies, Brownies, we are thinking,

We have such a lot to do.
It will surely keep us winking,
And a-blinking now don't you.

Brownies, Brownies, when we're older,

We will be some Girl Scouts, too.
But to be some loyal Brownies,
Is the best that we can do.

Brownies, Brownies, like the Girl Scouts,

We can learn to faithful be.
We can prove by daily trials,
We are almost Scouts, you see.

Lewistown, Mont.



These little Brownies of Elizabeth, N. J., had great fun at their Rally—Read about it on this page

Another cried “she'll spoil the fun
Girls always do”—

“Now there you're wrong,” a third
did cry,
And heaved a sentimental sigh.

Another spoke up, his lips in a curl
And said “there's a mortal calls her
‘His Brownie girl’”

“His Brownie girl indeed” cried they
all

“Our Brownie girl,” and they
straightway wrote
Invitations to Brownies, far and remote

Requesting their presence at a reception grand

To welcome the Brownie girl to the band.

E. D., Commissioner to Sec.

BROWNIES OF BELLPORT, L. I.

This troop is composed almost entirely of summer residents, so is active only during the summer months. The troop is in charge of Mrs. Alfred Murphy.

On September 1st we gave a play called “Mother Goose's Party” by which we raised \$30. We are sending 10 per cent of this to headquarters as contribution toward the extension of Scouting.

D. P. M.,
Captain

The following story with exercises will be enjoyed by both the Brownies and their Brown Owl.

THE MILLER

1. The windmill goes round and round.

2. The wind whistles through the sails.

3. The miller stands by his door.

4. The machinery grinds the corn.

5. The bread rises in the oven.

6. The family sits down to breakfast.

1. Alternate arm, forward, upward, sideways and downward swinging.

2. Deep breathing.

3. Stand at ease.

4. Running on the spot. Knees high. Running on the spot.

5. Curtsey sitting, three times, quickly down and slowly up.

6. Brownies sit.

GREAT BROWN OWL.

—Reprinted from *Girl Guide Gazette* September, 1921.

THE CAMP AT GRAVEL POINT

(Continued from page 11)

By this time it was eleven o'clock, and if the jam was to be made that morning it had to be started. Polly put the kettle to sterilize the glasses, Betty with three aides picked over and washed the berries, Phil and Mrs. Welles got out measuring cups, pans and ladles and the work began.

Making jam for sale is no joke. It's good fun, but it's business as the girls seemed to realize, for there was little talking and joking till many glasses of finished jam stood on the table away from the fire.

"We ought to make pretty labels to paste on the glasses so we can tell which is strawberry and which is raspberry," suggested Betty, as, their work was all finished, the girls who had picked over berries looked with pride on the rows of finished jam.

"Let's do that this afternoon," suggested Polly, "Joe, you can always make something pretty, you make a design and we'll copy it and Phil can make flour paste, I'm sure, and we'll fix 'em all up swell."

"Where you going to keep 'em till we go home?" asked Nan.

"Better put them in my cellar," suggested Mrs. Welles "of course if you were 'way off in the wilds, you could fix up a cupboard where they'd be safe and dry, but as my cellar is so handy, why bother?"

At that minute Mr. Welles, his nose in the air scenting the luscious smell of cooking fruit, came around the corner.

"Something tells me there is cooking going on," he said.

"How queer that you should guess," laughed Jack.

"Does anything tell me that eating is going on?" he added.

"I should say it doesn't!" exclaimed Phil, as, flushed and hot, she set a last panful of jam on the stove.

That has to draw the juice and then boil eight minutes and then get poured into glasses before the cook even thinks of food."

"But if it's any comfort to you," confided Martha, "we'll give you our first glass of jam—that's that one," she added, pointing to a beautiful ruby colored glass of warm jam.

"Give it to me?" demanded Mr. Welles, "it's plain you girls are not good enough business women to ever be worried about your income taxes! Give it to me! I'll buy it if you please! And be proud of the honor of being your first customer. What's the price?"

"We don't know yet," said Peggy, "we'd better figure up."

"That does sound like a good idea," laughed Mr. Welles, "go ahead and figure."

After a few minutes' session with pencil and paper the girls announced that the jam ought to sell for twenty-five cents and that a little more than two-thirds of that amount would be clear profit for the hospital.

"Good enough!" approved Mr. Welles. "Here's your first quarter. And thank you for letting me buy the first glassful."

That meant appointing a treasurer of the jam fund and by the time the girls had the business end of the affair organized, Phil had the jam off the stove and plans for dinner under way.

"How soon may we swim?" asked Peggy, who had missed the morning sport in the water in spite of the shower and the soap scrub. "I'll forget how to ride a log if we don't get in today."

"You shall have your swim today," laughed Miss Shaw, "don't worry a minute about that. I want to go as much as you do. I think we'll be through with dinner work by one-thirty. That will leave an hour for letters or rest and then swimming at two-thirty. Plenty of time and sunshine for all the log riding you want to do."

"I may be around after four," suggested Mr. Welles, as the dinner gong at the house called him away, "no telling, we might think up some fun."

But as he spoke he little guessed what the camp would be doing that afternoon, after the swim!

CHAPTER XXII

The Wreck on the Northwestern

WHAT do you say that we play out that tie for championship in doubles?" asked Peggy as the girls finished dressing after the swim.

"Suits me," replied Martha, "I feel awfully peppy so you'd better make up your mind you're going to get a licking, young lady."

"Really, now," laughed Leslie, "you'll have to play well to beat Peggy and me even if you did work up to a tie."

"Hear that, Nan?" demanded Martha, "for that let's make 'em have some love sets."

"Watch us!" agreed Nan.

"I'd like to see you," retorted Leslie.

"It's plain you children need an umpire," suggested Margy, "methinks I'll go along and keep score in the interests of fair play."

"Come ahead, Marg," invited Nan, "you'll look ornamental at the side lines even if you can't add."

"Is that so?" said Margy, "far be it from me to remind you of my recent mark in math!"

"Please don't," begged Nan, "far be it from me to remind you of my own and I like to avoid painful subjects. Get my racket, will you, Mart. It's right by yours."

"Come on, let's go," said Peggy, and she sauntered over toward the tennis courts.

Before the group of girls had gone a dozen steps there was a resounding crash and brought them to a halt and startled everyone within hearing.

"It's over there!" exclaimed Peggy, "I'll bet it's a wreck."

"Oh, goody, I always wanted to see a wreck!" exclaimed Leslie happily.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Les," retorted Nan, "you talk like a murderous wretch!"

"Which I am not, as you know," replied Leslie. "Only if there is a wreck I want to see it first thing. Do you suppose it'll be messy?"

"How should I know," laughed Margy and she, along with the others, started running in the direction of the crash.

Along the path toward the railroad they went, up the embankment onto the track.

Sure enough, about three hundred yards down the track to the east a piled up mass of what appeared to be freight cars, lay over the double tracks.

"Miss Shaw, it's a wreck," called Martha, glancing back to the campers who were coming up behind, "we're going!"

"Don't go too close," warned Miss Shaw.

"We won't," replied Martha, "but we do want to see everything! Maybe we can help."

"Pass the word on back to camp," suggested Peggy.

"Back to camp," laughed Nan. "camp's here!" And she was about right. Nobody had time to actually count noses, but apparently every girl in camp was running down the track not so far behind the first group.

When they reached the scene of the wreck, they found enough excitement and damage to suit even Leslie. Many questions and some observation seemed to bring out the fact that a train of old cars being hauled to the scrap yard some five miles east, had some way or other run off the track—cause not as yet known. And this had happened right in front of a

through freight going west. In some miraculous manner, the engineer and fireman had escaped, so no one was hurt.

"Of course, I'm glad they're not," said Leslie, "but wouldn't it have been lovely if they had and if we could have given First Aide and had our pictures in the paper! I can just see the headlines now, 'Charming young lady gave effective help.'"

"A lot you know about writing 'heids,'" laughed Peggy. "You ought to work on the Grant High News and you'd find out that headlines are no place for adjectives, me darling!"

"And maybe our pictures," continued Leslie, "and a reporter to interview us."

"If that engineer knew the unhappiness he made in your young life by saving his neck," said Margy solemnly, "no life insurance company would give him insurance!"

"Well, you seem to know," laughed Nan.

"Say, girls," interrupted Polly, "maybe they're going to get a wrecking train with a thing on a crane and everything."

"Well, I want to see the thing on a crane and everything," said Margy.

"Sounds good as a matinee. Let's get front seats. If that bank up there isn't covered with poison ivy—and I think it isn't—it would make a grandstand seat."

The girls, following Margy's suggestion, dashed up the bank, found fairly comfortable quarters from which they could see everything going on the tracks below. They saw the flagman run back to get signals and another man from the car run to the nearest telegraph office, in haste down the track to the east, where, no doubt, he sent for aid.

"I'll bet it's a day before any train goes by here," said Betty, as she looked at the mess below.

"A lot you know about railroad-ing," laughed Polly, "they'll have the track clear tonight."

"Tonight!" exclaimed Leslie, "then they'll have to work."

"That's just what they're doing," said Peggy.

"What'll they do with all their suburban traffic?" asked Martha, as she bethought herself of the many trains from the city soon to be due.

"Heaven knows," laughed Polly, "I'm not a railroad man."

"The first suburban express is due in ten minutes," said Martha as she glanced at her watch. "They'll have to stop it in the village."

"Look, girls," exclaimed Joe, "there's the wrecking train now!"

"They got it here pretty quickly," said Leslie. And the suburban train was completely forgotten in the interest made by watching the great wrecking car, with its powerful crane making a start toward clearing the tracks of the wreckage.

From their same perch above the level of the tracks, the girls could see everything and yet they were not in the least in the way.

"I think they had it made to order here for us," commented Peggy, as she realized how much they were able to see.

Others besides themselves found the hill a point of vantage, too, and ere long they had plenty of company.

But it wasn't till Martha heard a woman behind her say, "How we'll ever get clear to Wheaton is more than I know!" that any of the Scouts really noticed the many people around them.

"Will you look up the track?" suddenly exclaimed Nan, as she happened to notice the changed view off to the east.

While the girls had been absorbed in the working of the wrecking train right in front of them, things had been happening at the end of the great freight. The first west-bound suburban express had arrived; had been stopped just before it came up to the freight. No doubt many of its passengers were along the crowds which now lined the tracks. Behind it stood another suburban train and still further away could be seen another train, just coming to a standstill.

"Wasn't it thoughtful of me to provide a wreck for you to watch," said Mr. Welles' voice, and the girls turned to see him standing by them.

"Those people seem to think it would be thoughtful of the railroad to get them home," laughed Martha, "one woman just asked me if I knew where to get a machine to drive to Wheaton—I must look like a garage."

"I wish I looked like a garage—anything as rich as that!" said Polly. "A Johnny on the spot garage would make a young fortune in this crowd of hungry-wish-I-was-home folks."

"Why turn down a fortune?" asked Mr. Welles.

"Turn it down?" exclaimed Polly, "Me? You don't know me, Mr. Welles! If our own car was here Little Polly would be the busy one running folks around at fifty per."

"Listen to the lady," said Mr. Welles, "when she knows perfectly



The following idea came from Lincoln, Mass. THE AMERICAN GIRL feels sure that other localities will like to try it out.

The Lincoln scouts cooked baked beans in their bean hole and sold sometimes as many as thirty or forty quarts every Saturday. The beans proved to be such a success that after a few weeks the scouts built an oven and added brown bread to their list. A new departure that they tried later also proved to be an enormous success and a great drawing card for the scouts' regular customers. This was the making of plum cakes or puddings in little tins that they bought for the purpose, especially contrived for the steaming process.

Directions for Baking in a Hole, which have been taken from "Camp Cookery," by Horace Kephart, are given below.

Dig a hole in the ground, say 18x18x12 inches. Place kindling in it, and over the hole build a cob house by laying split hardwood sticks across, not touching each other, then another course over these and at right angles to them, and so on till you have a stack two feet high. Set fire to it. The air will circulate freely, and the sticks, if of uniform size, will burn down to coals together. Soak and parboil the beans and pork, pour off the water, gash the meat with a knife, spread half of it over the bottom of the pot, drain the beans, pour them into the pot, put rest of pork on top, add salt, pepper and molasses. Place pot in beanhole, bake all night, being careful that there are not enough embers with the ashes to burn the beans.

Beans baked in this way are delicious and you are sure to find a market for them—then, watch the money roll into your treasury!

Don't forget "The Girl Scout's Thanksgiving" by Josephine Daskam Bacon—for sale at National Headquarters for 4c each.

well I have two cars in the garage."

"But they're not mine," laughed Polly.

"Is she a good driver, Miss Shaw?" asked Mr. Welles.

"If my judgment is worth anything, I'd say she was a fine one," said Miss Shaw.

"Then how would you like to take my car and be a chauffeur for an hour?" asked Mr. Welles.

"And make more money for the hospital fund," asked Polly eagerly, her eyes shining with sudden excitement.

"Sounds good, only you'd better not loose much time," agreed Mr. Welles. "Anybody else here a good driver?" he added.

"Les and Jack both drive," suggested Martha.

"Then they may take turns," said Mr. Welles, "and Polly shall have the big car first because she started the idea. Martha, go with them so Tom knows it's all right. Let Polly have the big car and you girls flip a penny for the jitney. Then in an hour you can have a grand change. A little speed, girls," Nan warned them, for as treasurer of the jam fund she had hopes of getting wealth for the troop.

Polly needed no urging. As soon as Mr. Welles finished his directions, she had started on a run for his home and reached the garage before the other girls caught up with her. By the time Martha arrived to tell Tom that the cars were to be sent out. Polly had the big car in the driveway and the engine chugging for the getaway.

"Would you take passengers for Wheaton, Mart?" she asked as Martha ran up to the car.

"I'd take near by ones first if you can," advised Martha, "you can charge fifty for a short run and make more."

"Unless you load up a whole car for Wheaton at a dollar per" suggested Jack.

"Would that be profiteering?" suggested Martha, "sounds like a good deal."

"That's less for the distance than Chicago taxi rates," Leslie reminded her, "and there's something allowable for the convenience of having us around."

"And then we want to figure mileage so we can pay Mr. Welles for the gas we use," said Polly. "Mart, will you look at that speedometer there? I can't see it from here. Write it down so there's no mistake. Wish me luck, everybody!" And she was gone.

A half a minute later Jack dashed off behind her in the jitney that was used for supplies.

"I'll be back in an hour and you'll get your turn then, if Polly isn't back, Les," she called as she turned east and made for the crossing.

"I wish I could drive!" exclaimed Tips, longingly, "they'll have a bushel of fun to say nothing of the experience."

Her wish was echoed by every girl there, for it sounded mighty jolly to be driving wrecked suburbanites over the country.

Till long past the regular supper hour the girls watched the wreck. Then, as the tracks were nearly clear, pangs of hunger got the better of curiosity and the Scouts turned for camp.

Jacqueline and Tom, in the garage,

reported that the girls had been in once and that Leslie was now driving the big car and Polly the jitney.

"And they're doing a wonderful business!" exclaimed Jack. "I took in twelve dollars myself and Polly had more. The way she packs in that big car would make you sit up and take notice."

"I know Polly has a good head," said Martha loyally, "that's what I know."

At that minute the two cars turned in to the yard and the campers ran pellmell to get the latest news.

"Eighteen-fifty, for mine," shouted Polly.

"Twenty-five for mine!" shouted Leslie.

"Girls!" exclaimed Nan, "can you add that high? Sounds as though we had been robbing a bank!"

"Sounds as though we had been working you mean," laughed Leslie, as she wiped her dirty face. "With all that rain the other day I thought it never would be dusty again!"

"But think!" exclaimed Martha, rapturously, "think of all the money we have! We can buy goods to sew and give cash when we want to and everything! Isn't it just too wonderful for words!"

"While you're thinking," said Polly, trying her best to make herself heard above the happy hubbub, "please do try to think that we haven't had any supper!"

"You poor child," exclaimed Phil, "girls, let's raid the cupboard and give 'em a spread!"

"Um-my!" said Polly, "the motion is carried!"

(To be continued)

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Edith Curtiss Hixon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor and Business Manager of THE AMERICAN GIRL and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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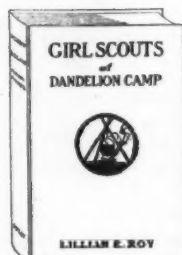
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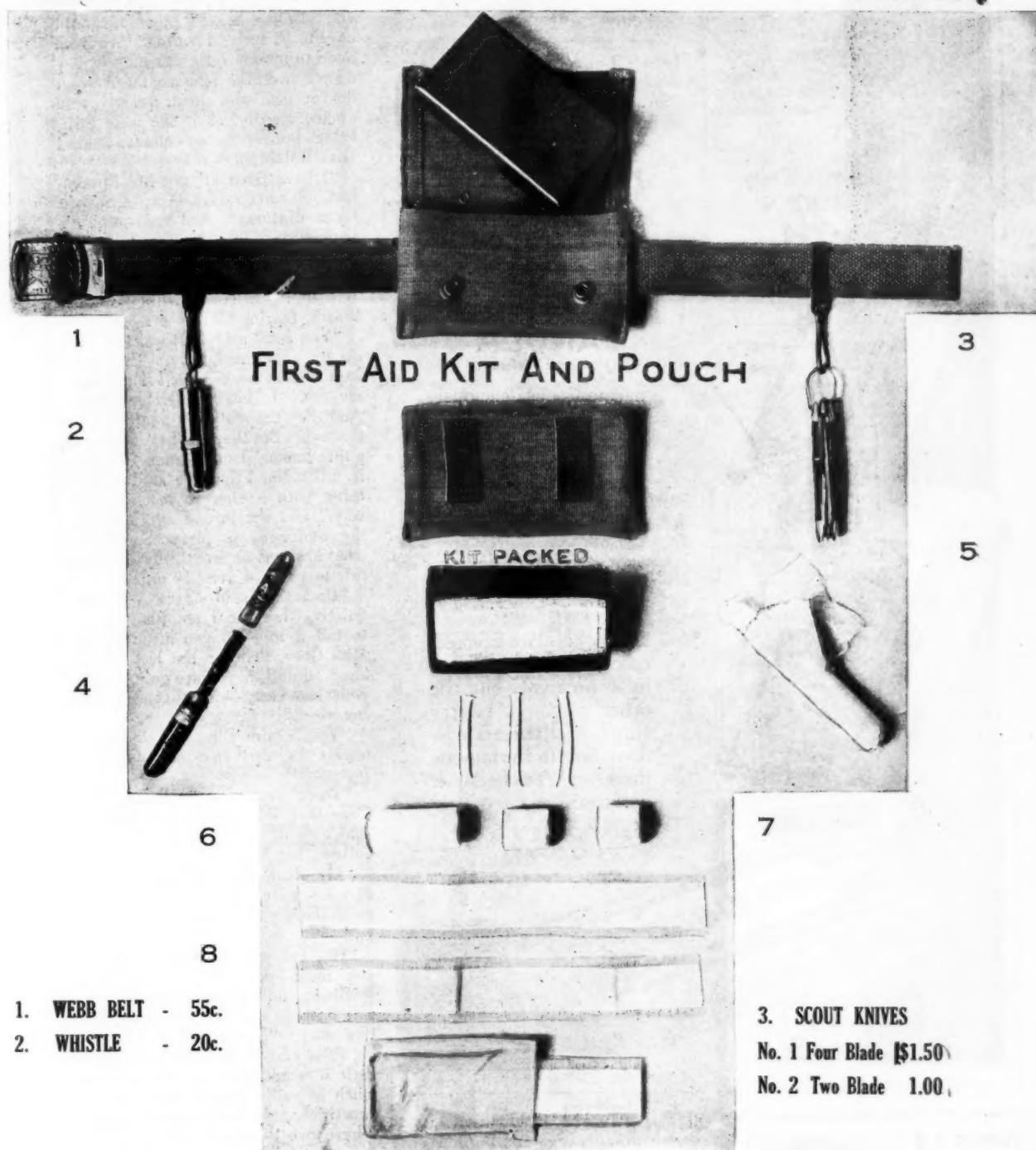
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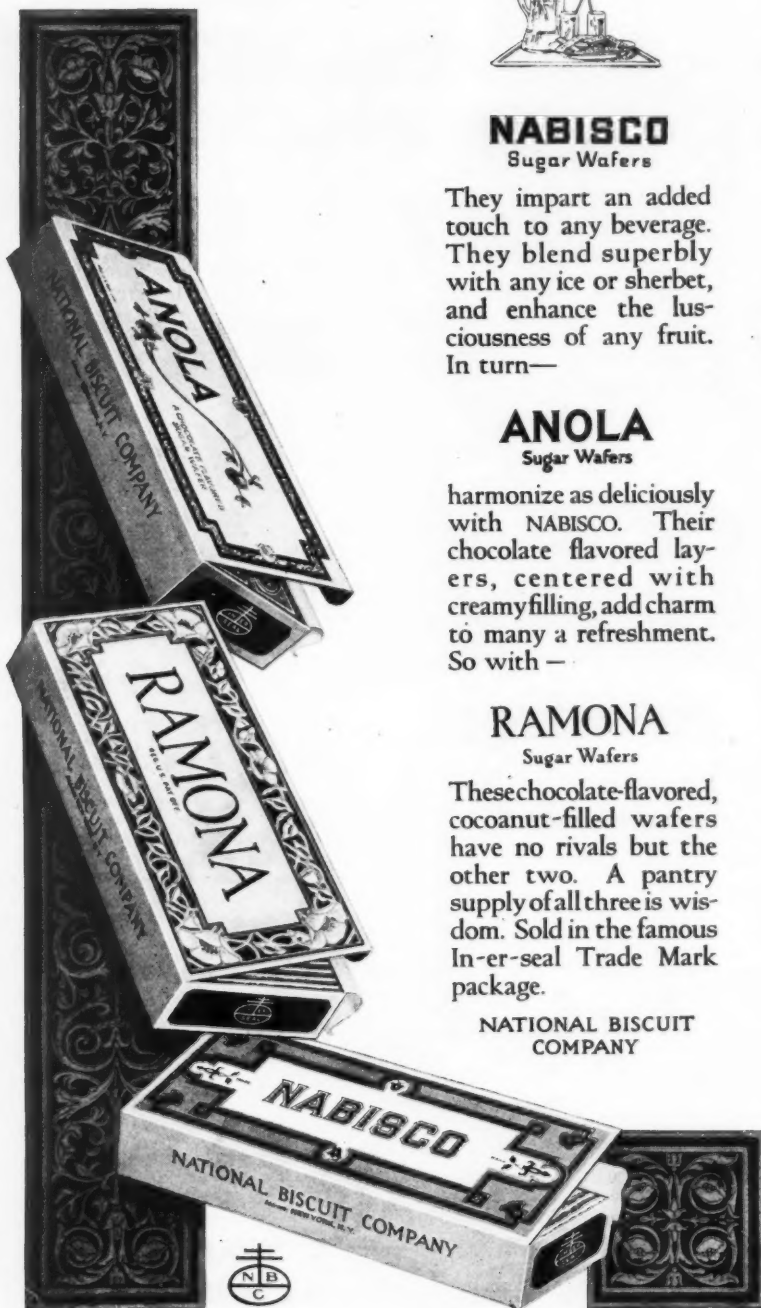
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A COLLEGE GIRL

(Continued from page 6)

vet. In the second place I should have to be sure. I couldn't live from hand to mouth, on a chance. It may do very well for a genius, but it won't do for me," she spoke quickly, and almost angrily, as if she were justifying herself to somebody behind Miss Williston.

"I have lived all my life in comfort. I can't starve in an attic just for a diploma. And then—oh, it's impossible."

She turned her head away and talked low, as if to herself. Miss Williston listened with hushed breath, fearing to lose a word.

"You see," said Nell quickly, "it's all up with the family. They have kept it from me because I hate money matters. I don't understand them. And they thought they could get me through. But they can't. So I'm just going home. I can't teach—I loathe it. Besides, I haven't studied anything with a view to teaching—oh, why," and she turned and stared at the senior as if just conscious of what she was saying, "why do I tell this to you? I must be crazy. I—"

"Because," said Clara Williston, quietly, "because I am just the one to tell it to. Do you mean to say, Miss Gray, that for the lack of five hundred dollars you are going to lose your last year?—for that and nothing else?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, dominated utterly by this rich nobody, "yes, just that."

"Then," said Miss Williston, "then I say that it is absurd, and that you shan't do it. I can do very little at college, but I can—"

"My dear Miss Williston," said Eleanor, icily, "I do not in the least understand you. I hardly know you, and—"

"Oh, but you do understand me; you must—you shall!" cried Miss Williston, and Eleanor saw that she was flushed, and that her eyes shone like stars. "Listen to me! I have—oh, Miss Gray, when I think of how little it would mean to me and how much to you! Please, please do it! Just think, only five hundred dollars! I have two thousand dollars a year. I am ashamed of it, truly I am, but I have it for what I please—just exactly what I please. No; you shan't get up yet. See, see how it is with me! All my four years here, what have I done? Nothing. I've got through well enough, but that's all. I've made some friends, but not many. The only two girls I really loved here were very poor, and they were awfully proud and they were afraid that because I was the richest

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girl in college—oh, it was dreadful. And I shall go and leave nothing behind me—nothing. If I could feel that I had given you to your class—to the college—for a year, I should be so happy! I should even think that I was of some use! Oh, let me! Let me feel that I've really done something!

Eleanor looked at her curiously. She was almost in tears. Her hands held Eleanor's tightly, and she was evidently deeply in earnest.

"It would mean so little to me—so little!" she begged. "And yet it would be so much for the class! And they would never know—never would know—but I should know, and I should know that I'd done something for them and that I wasn't just one of those poor useless girls that drift into college and then drift out again, and don't count—either way!"

Eleanor felt strangely touched. "Why, how you care!" she said, wonderingly, "how you care!"

Miss Williston drew a long tremulous breath. "Care!" she cried, "you don't know how we care, we poor, mediocre ones! Do you think that because we couldn't write a poem to save our lives, and are never proposed for office and don't for the best of reasons, edit the Monthly, that we don't want to do these things! Oh, if I could only have my father hear the things said about me that are said of you every day! If I could only feel that I was to the class what you are!"

"The class don't like me," said Eleanor abruptly.

"They admire you, and if you wanted to, you could be liked very very much indeed," said Miss Williston. "I always thought that you didn't care to have us like you!"

There was a pause. The girls were drifting back to the houses, one by one. The stars were well out, and Miss Williston's face seemed white, now, in their light.

"Do you really care for the things they say about one here," asked Eleanor.

"Care," said Miss Williston again, "of course I care. So do you. But you don't need to care. You're sure of them. You know what you can do. And through you I can do the only thing I ever could do—and I go in June. Oh, Miss Gray, only five hundred dollars! I could put it in the bank to your account, and that would be the end of it. And you could pay me back whenever you pleased, if you wanted to. For I suppose you wouldn't let me—"

"No," said Eleanor, "I wouldn't. An hour ago I should have said that the whole thing was impossible."

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"But now?" said Miss Williston, quickly, "but now?"

"But now," said Eleanor slowly, "now—oh, never say again that you are one of the 'mediocre ones!' No one who can make so disagreeable and proud a girl as I accept kindness from a stranger as gratefully as I do from you—"

But she did not finish, for Miss Williston leaned toward her and kissed her.

"I thank you," she said, simply, "now I can hold up my head again. I have done something for my college! I am something more than Clara Williston, that well-dressed girl. And before Eleanor could reply, she had slipped away."

Eleanor lay back in the hammock and looked at the stars. A strange peace came to her, and she realized for the first time how unhappy she had been. Slowly the great bell struck eight. The lights came up in the great shadowy buildings. Only the seniors and a few lazy under-class girls filled the hammocks around her. "I live here. This is where I belong!" she thought happily, and smiled to herself.

A year more to work and plan and get ready in! A year more in the place she—yes, the place she loved! Across the campus came a row of seniors, arms twined about each other, eight abreast.

"Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors?"

Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors?

Where, oh, where are the grave old seniors?

Safe, now, in the wide, wide world!"

There was a sad little ring to the old tune, and Eleanor wondered if they were sorry.

"Safe, now, in the wide, wide world!"

"That doesn't mean me," she said, happily, to the hammock pillows. "That doesn't mean me!"

THE END

LOVEY'S BURGLAR

(Continued from page 13)

There was a dead silence. Not a girl spoke. All waited for the noise of a fearful struggle, or for Helen's assurance that everything was all right.

"Helen," Becky called, agonizingly.

Silence.

"Helen!" The terrified girls shouted again. Everything was as quiet as when she had listened with them from the court.

"It's something so horrible that she's fainted," Flo pronounced.



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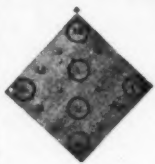
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"He's gagged her. Help me, somebody. I'm going up. Give me that revolver." Becky Adams snatched the gun and prepared to go to the aid of her room-mate.

"Stay close to the edge, so we can see you," Lovey begged, and the dozen or so frightened girls besought her to tell them immediately what was up there.

She began her climb, the useless, unloaded revolver hampering her movements. She drew herself up. As she peered over the edge, a little gasp—whether of astonishment or terror the watchers did not know—escaped her. There was the sound of a stifled exclamation, then she disappeared from sight. Silence again settled down over the scene.

The girls were wild. They were afraid to go for Miss Hemingway because they knew they had been breaking rules, but they all felt that their classmates were in some kind of danger. In vain did they call. No answer came from the two who had disappeared. Only, after some moments of quiet came the sound of something falling. The girl with the electric torch, flashing it about, found the revolver, lying at Lovey's feet.

"Well, there's somebody up there," Lovey said. "If two of us go up at the same time, one ought to find out what the trouble is. And some others of you better go to the foot of the trapdoor." She had taken command, and the other freshmen, most of them too frightened to think, obeyed her commands.

She picked out Shaeffer as the girl to climb with her. They were both to start at the same time and so got ready at windows thirty feet apart. That would prevent the burglar if there was only one, from silencing both of them.

Shaeffer's head surmounted the coping first. As soon as she looked over, she began laughing. Lovey, clambering over an instant later, echoed her.

"I thought so," she cried, "but you had me frightened for a little while. Still, I figured that when there was excitement without the Hammond Twins being around to share it, it must be because they were causing it."

"What is it?" demanded the girls still in the court.

"Just Margaret Hammond," Shaeffer called down.

There was a chorus of exclamations "Scaring us like that! Something ought to be done to her."

"I thought I recognized that lock

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EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
Arcadia

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

on the trapdoor," they heard Lovey say, "but what was the big idea?"

Then Margaret's voice was heard for the first time. "Oh, a little excitement. I was sure the Stone House girls started their burglar story to rouse some interest and when I heard you brave ones talking I decided to try to stir you up a bit and try you out. That was why I locked the trapdoor before I came down to dinner. I knew that then you would have to sleep in the court."

There was the sound of tramping on the roof, and the girls, running inside, met Helen and Becky and the others coming down the trap. When Margaret, the last one to appear, reached the foot of the ladder, they seized her and hustled her along the hall. They paused before a door, and, throwing it open, dragged her into the bathroom.

There several others were waiting, and eager hands caught her just as she was, in pajamas and wrapper, and almost before she was aware of what was happening, she found herself in the bathtub almost full of cold water.

"Thought you would stir us up?" they laughed holding her down when she tried to squirm out. "When people catch a burglar, they always put him in the 'cooler,' don't they? Well, you stay here and cool down a bit."

THE END

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